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WAR VERSE AND OTHER VERSE

P. C. HAYES

CORRECTIONS.

Page 12. Fourth line from top, put "and" after "live".
Page 64 Fifth line from bottom, put "of" for "or".
Page 65. Fifth line from bottom, put "How" for "Now".
Page 73 Twelfth line from bottom, take one "how" out.
Page 93. Twelfth line from top, put "a" after "life's".
Page 102. Sixteenth line from bottom, put "is" for "in".
Page 186. Fourth line from top, put "warmed" for "warned"
Page 209. Thirteenth line from top, put "sight" for "light".

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WAR VERSE AND OTHER VERSE

P. C. HAYES
JOLIET, ILLINOIS

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WAR VERSE

WRITE OUT THE FULL RECORD.

[The question has often been asked, "Why have we never yet had a full and complete history of our great Civil War?" But such a question can receive only this answer: "It is utterly impossible to write a full and complete history either of our Civil War or of any other war." To furnish such a history of our Civil War we must have the full and complete experiences of every soldier and sailor who served in that war either for or against the Union, of every person who was connected with that War in any capacity whatever, of every man, woman or child who had a relative, friend or acquaintance serving in that War, and of every human being who was in any manner affected by that War. To secure a record of such experiences is an absolute impossibility, and hence we shall never have a full and complete history of our Civil War. These facts were being considered when the following was written:]

Write out the full record! Let no one be missed
Of all the proud names on our Civil-War list;
Two millions and more went forth to the fight
And were ready to die for the Union and Right.
Remember them all, pass none of them by
From the humblest of private to officer high,
For as each did his duty both bravely and well,
So each has a story that's worthy to tell.

Write out the full record! Paint specially bright
The names of those heroes who've passed from our sight;
The hundreds, the thousands, the million and more,
Who are safe in the camp on Eternity's shore.
The list is a long one—their names who can tell
Save the few who had known them and marked where they fell,
Yet their deeds are immortal, their fame will but grow
The brighter and brighter as years come and go.

Write out the full record! The father, the son,
The husband, the lover, each name one by one;
Recount their long marches by day and by night,
And the courage they showed in the thick of the fight.
'Twill be a sad story, and many who hear,
Or read it, will sigh and perhaps drop a tear,
But 'twill come to each heart as a grand inspiration
To do and to dare for the Flag and the Nation.

Write out the full record! All names should be there,
The feeble, the aged, the young and the fair,
Those fallen in battle in youth's early time,
And the older who fell in their manhood's full prime.
Some sleep their last sleep in their graves all unknown,
Some sleep near their friends under marble or stone,
But all sleep as heroes profoundly and deep,
While their ashes make holy the ground where they sleep.

Write out the full record! Our heroes have writ
A record in blood—many died writing it.
It is covered with glory which lights every page
And makes it enduring through age after age.
No centuries passing, no eons of time
Can dim its bright luster—its glory sublime,
But as men come to know and more value the right
It will gather fresh luster, increasingly bright.

Write out the full record! Not half has been told
Of our Civil-War heroes, the brave and the bold;
Our history tells of a portion who fought,
Our poets praise highly some deeds that were wrought,
Our orators dwell in most eloquent strain
On some gallant deeds both on land and on main,
Yet these all recount but a part of the story,
How courage won victory, honor and glory.

Write out the full record! Give each man his due;
Tell of parting from loved ones and friends that were true,
Of the camp with its discipline rigid, the drill,
And the duties imposed which were hard to fulfill,
Of life at the front—marching, picket and guard—
With the mud ankle deep and the rain falling hard,
Of the bivouac at night on the cold, frozen ground
With the sky frowning dark and the winds howling round.

Write out the full record! Tell all that was done
By which the great fight for the Union was won;
Tell of skirmish, of charge, of battle, of shout
When the victory was won and the foe put to rout,
Of the terrible wound with the pain and the fear,
Of the hospital sickness with no loved one near,
Of the prisons of hell with their pestilent breath
Driving hope from the heart mid starvation and death,
But telling of these, and of each valiant deed,
The story would take half a life-time to read.

Write out the full record! Name proudly the true
Who did duty at home all war's bloody years through—
The father, the mother, the sweetheart, the wife,
Who gave money and time, and, what's dearer than life,
Their loved ones—then waited, with anxious concern,
For the loved ones who went and might never return,
While their agony, heart-ache and harrowing fears
Found expression, but faintly, in prayers and in tears.

Write out the full record! Tell how many sore needs
Of the soldiers were met by the generous deeds
Of these home friends and how, with their messages kind
And words full of comfort, they sought to remind
The soldier on duty that friends in the rear
Remembered him ever with love most sincere;
And tell how this kindness cheered each soldier heart
And led him more bravely to do his full part
Toward winning a victory signal and grand
For Union and Freedom and Right in our land.

Write out the full record? It cannot be done,
For too short is the time which our mortal lives run.
Let writers, and poets and orators too
Through all a long lifetime their labors pursue,
Let them gather their data and work with a will
To make a full record—the best of their skill,
And when all is finished—their facts all enrolled—
Still half of the story will yet be untold.

Write out the full record? The task is too great,
Though all of our heroes their stories should state;
Let the soldiers on land and the sailors on sea
All write what they can for this great history—
What they saw, what they did, what they felt, what they knew,
During all the long years they were wearing the blue,
But these, all compiled, with their views manifold,
Will leave a great story which cannot be told.

Write out the full record? The long roll of fame
Is not for us mortals to know or to name;
The trials and suffering, the hardship and woe,
The sacrifice, heartaches and blood's fearful flow,
The agony, death and heroic endeavor
Will escape in their fulness earth's records forever,
Yet they all will appear in the book of God's love
When the angels shall open that volume above.

Write out the full record! If not the grand whole,
Enough can be writ of that long, honored roll
Of glory-crowned heroes in battle array,
To be read and remembered and cherished alway.
The record, in part, from its glittering page
Will give inspiration to each coming age,
And will lead generations that yet are to be
To keep this great nation the land of the free.

COMRADESHIP.

You ask why I gave the name "Comrade"
To the man whom we met over there,
Who seemed very plain and scarce worthy
Of any one's notice or care.
Well, I will proceed to inform you
And when all my story you hear,
Perhaps you will never more wonder
Or think that my greeting was queer.

When the war of the Southern rebellion
Burst forth in its terrible might
And the armies of treason rushed forward
To fight against Union and Right,
That man took his gun and his knapsack,
Marched out with our patriots true,
To defend with his might and his manhood
"Old Glory"—the Red, White and Blue.

Four years in the grand Union army
He proved faithful by day and by night.
Did duty with loyal endeavor,
Stood firm by the cause he deemed right,
And ever both true and heroic,
With heart always loyal and brave,
He labored and battled and suffered
In seeking the Union to save.

In camp life he shared, uncomplaining,
Privations and hardships severe,
Put up with short rations and ever
Spoke words of inspiring good cheer;
He felt that his life in the army
Was all for his country, and so
He was willing to labor and suffer
For treason's complete overthrow.

On guard he knew nothing but duty
Though his legs might grow weary with pain;
On the march 'mid the heat of the summer
And oft through the fierce falling rain,
He ever moved forward, undaunted,
Wherever his duty was found,
And often at night, worn and weary,
Bivouacked on the cold, frozen ground.

He stood true at his post when on picket,
'Mid the storm, or the cold, or the heat,
Though often wet through and though shivering,
While facing the rain and the sleet.
He knew he was there as the guardian
Of all the vast hosts in the rear,
And that failure to do his full duty
Might cause them a loss most severe.

On the skirmish he ever proved faithful,
Pushing on with a resolute will,
Engaging the foe if he met him,
Resolved every task to fulfill.
Sometimes he was called to face danger,
Might even be wounded or slain,
Yet he failed not to do his full duty
In the cause he had sworn to maintain.

Ofttimes on the field of fierce battle
He stood firm and would never retreat,
'Mid the hailstorm of thick-falling bullets,
'Mid the wounded and dead at his feet.
By danger and death all undaunted
He fought 'till his duty was done—
Till the foe was forced back and defeated
And a glorious victory won.

In hospital, shattered and wounded,
And racked with some terrible pain,
Or tossing with some raging fever
That burned through his every vein,
With friends far away and but strangers
To give him attention and care,
He worried and struggled and suffered
But never gave way to despair.

And thus as a typical soldier
He labored and wrought with a will,
Asking only the question of duty,
While seeking his part to fulfill.
Giving ever to God and his country
The best he could possibly give,
That the foe might be promptly defeated
And the Union continue to live.

He may have been only a private,
Or perhaps was an officer high,
But, if he was valiant and loyal,
And ready for country to die,
If he marched, or stood guard, or did battle,
Whate'er his position might be,
He's a hero that's won recognition
As a friend and a "comrade" from me.

For "comrade" means love for one's country,
Devotion to duty and right.
Means friendship among us old soldiers,
A word bringing constant delight.
Means charity—that which endureth—
The one greatest virtue of all,
And loyalty which answers promptly
Whenever one's country may call.

And these meanings, when joined and cemented,
Give us "comrade" that capital word,
Which wakens the tenderest feelings
Whenever or wherever heard,
And the soldier, who knows its full meaning,
Finds, in all of our language apart,
No word which so fully expresses
The generous warmth of the heart.

And so, every old Union soldier
Is a "comrade" to me evermore,
For I served in the grand Union army
And I know what he suffered and bore;
And I should be false to my duty
If, knowing all this, I should not
Always give him the greeting of "comrade"
Whatever his station or lot.

And thus I go on with my greeting
To every old soldier I meet,
And expect to continue it always
Till life on this earth is complete,
And when in the "happy hereafter"
We meet 'round the camp-fire above,
I shall greet him as only a "comrade,"
That name which all true soldiers love.

THIS LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON.

This little bronze button we soldiers prize so
Was made from the cannon we took from the foe,
When fighting for Union in deadly affray
"The Blue" won a victory over "The Gray."
It seems but a trifle, yet ever with pride
We'll cherish it fondly, whatever betide;
While it has little value when measured in gold,
As a badge of high valor its price can't be told—
This little bronze button, this valor-won button,
This Grand Army button, its price can't be told.

If this button could speak a proud story 'twould tell
Of heroes who battled both bravely and well;
Of the courage they showed, armed with Loyalty's might,
When they met the proud foe in the thick of the fight.
It would tell of privations and hardships severe,
Of danger and death that were faced without fear,
Of heartaches and agonies borne by the brave
When they labored and struggled the Union to save—
This little bronze button, this blood-hallowed button,
This Grand Army button is the badge of the brave.

No one wears this button save only the true
Who fought for the Union and honored "the Blue,"
And to these 'tis an emblem of Fraternity,
Enduring and sacred while this life shall be;
Of charity such as the brave only know
For the comrades who with them have faced the proud foe;
And of Loyalty which thru war's terrible hell
Led them bravely to battle, though hosts of them fell—
This little bronze button, this true-comrade button,
This Grand Army button emblems F, C. and L.

This button, though small yet contains in itself
What cannot be bought with a continent's wealth,
For it symbols a love that led thousands to give
Their blood and their life that the Nation might live.
And so, day by day, we will prize it the more
As the years bear us on toward Eternity's shore,
While joined in a comradship loyal and rare,
This little bronze button we'll evermore wear—
This little bronze button, this glory-crowned button,
This Grand Army button we'll evermore wear.

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Ah! give me your hand, my honest old boy,
The hand that I've trusted in moments of joy,
And sorrow as well, for as chums you and I
Tasted each to its full in the days long gone by.

It has been a long time since that muster-out day
When you to the East and I West sped away:
It was pretty tough work, and caused many a sigh,
To part from "the boys" and bid them good bye.

Those "boys!" what a set of brave, gallant men!
Not as many to-day as were mustered out then,
But living or dead, they were gallant and true
As any who e'er wore the gray or the blue.

You mind the old flag, all shattered and torn,
That above us in battle so often was borne—
How we kissed it, the tears coursing down each bronzed cheek,
While our hearts were so full that neither could speak.

Yes! yes! you've grown old! It is now forty years
Since we said our good-byes amid sorrow and tears;
Your face has grown wrinkled, your hair turned to gray,
And your step is less firm than it was on that day.

How's my leg? Well, 'tis better, much better by far
Than I thought it would be at the close of the war;
Though at times I am racked through and through with its pain
Still I hobble about with my crutch and my cane.

You know I gave up and thought I should die
On the field where I fell that sad day in July;
Still I worried it through and am here, as you see,
But not half of the man that I wish I could be.

What a battle that was! And the charge that we made!
How it thrills me to think of that gallant brigade
Rushing on with a yell o'er that cannon-swept field,
Determined to conquer and never to yield.

Unmindful of death, right onward they sped,
With our regiment boys just a little ahead;
Right on through that tempest of iron and lead
Which covered the ground with our dying and dead.

But I fell, and the boys hurried rapidly on,
Intent on the task they had set to be done;
With shout and with yell on, over the field,
Right up to the line where the rebs were concealed.

Then a volley of death, and back came our boys
With the rebels pursuing, mid thundering noise,
And booming of cannon and deafening yell,
Like the shouting of all the wild demons of hell.

On past me the boys sped away in their flight,
The rebels close on them to left and to right;
One chap raised his musket and aimed at my head,
But a shot from our guns laid him prostrate and dead.

The next I remember the rebels came back,
With our gallant brigade close on to their track;
With fresh reinforcements on, over the plain,
Our boys drove the rascals before them again.

Right on to their works, and over them, too,
Rushed the boys in gray, while the boys in blue
Pushed after them closely and gave them no chance
To halt and reform for another advance.

The rout was complete—the battle was done,
But the victory gained was most fearfully won,
Nearly half of our boys who entered the fray
Lay wounded or dead at the close of the day.

That night as you know, I lay where I fell,
And the torture I suffered no mortal can tell,
That leg—how it pained me and bled till I thought
I was bleeding to death and was dying for naught.

Those long, weary hours, they come to me yet
With a vivid remembrance I ne'er can forget—
How I worried them through 'neath that pitiless sky,
Not hoping to live not willing to die.

At first life seemed gliding so sweetly away
That I felt almost wicked to ask it to stay,
But as night wore along, the pain grew so intense
That it roused against death every nerve in defense.

With the agony wild, with the torturing pain,
With the twisting of muscle and racking of brain,
With the coldness of death and the burning of hell,
How I lived through that night I never could tell.

One moment 'twas hope, next moment 'twas fear,
Now a curse and a yell, then a prayer and a tear,
Now quiet and calm as the sweet sleeping child,
Then maddened and crazed with a brain running wild.

Once my mind was inflamed with images dire;
I thought that my lips and my heart were on fire,
That my blood, heated over and over again,
Rushed boiling and hissing through every vein.

Then I struggled to rise, but Oh! God, how the pain
Shot through every nerve and fiber again,
And I shrieked and I cursed and I prayed till at length
I sank to the earth exhausted of strength.

Then I slept a half sleep, while visions most bright
Danced through my crazed brain with a holy delight,
And carried me back to my home far away
With my wife and my child forever to stay.

Oh! 'twas bliss, once again in that dear, hallowed place,
To clasp that dear wife in my loving embrace,
To feel her warm kiss and to gaze with delight
On her face which my coming made happy and bright.

And Eva, that sweet little four year old bird!
She climbed in my lap without saying a word,
And nestled close down in my bosom to stay,
With her cheek against mine in that old-fashioned way.

And I drank it all in, and was happy and blest,
Forgetful of pain, undisturbed by unrest,
And my cup was so full, that it almost ran o'er,
And I felt most content and could ask for no more.

How long it all lasted, I never could tell,
But I woke up at length with a terrible yell;
As the morning came on you had found where I lay,
And were lifting me up to take me away.

You know all that followed: The hospital near,
My leg taken off and that long night of fear
That I could not get well, the nursing, and then,
After long weary days, how I rallied again.

And I got well at last and am here, as you see,
Getting all out of life that I can possibly,
And my wife and my child, God bless them alway,
To my heart they grow dearer and dearer each day.

The war called for men, and I went, as I ought,
And I cheerfully suffered and cheerfully fought;
True, I have but one leg, but I'm glad I could give
The other, at least, that our Nation might live.

I have sacrificed much, but never as yet
For the course that I took have I had a regret,
While my love for the Union is stronger, I know,
For the sacrifice made to prevent its o'erthrow.

BILLY WATSON

You ask if I knowed Billy Watson?
  Wall, I should remark that I did,
We growed up on farms that lay jinin',
  And I knowed him when only a kid.
As a boy he was nothin' but common,
  At times jest a little bit wild,
But all the naburs, they liked him
  And petted him from a child.

He was allus a rollickin' feller,
  Not handsome, or overly neat,
While he didn't care much about werkin',
  But fer loafin' he couldn't be beat.

Fur dogs and fur hosses, and huntin'
He had a great likin', and so
He skipped the hard work and left others
The heft of the werkin' to do.

We went to the army together
And bunked in the same dog tent,
Stood shoulder to shoulder in battle,
And divied the last red cent.
Bill was wunderful kind and big-hearted,
Bilin' over with laughter and fun,
Allus standin' fustrate with his cumrades,
Bein' a square friend with every one.

He wus allus a-doin' sum kindness,
A-helpin' the worn-out and sick,
A-carryin' uf some feller's knapsack,
Or a-doin' sum other such trick,
With a comrade he found right down hungry
He'd share both his grub and his cup,
Or do duty fur any poor feller
Who hated, when sick, to give up.

He was none of yer dress-parade soldiers,
Cud scarce tell the right frum left face,
Found his big feet too dog-gasted clumsy
To have 'em on time or in place,
While to handle a gun with persission
He never seemed able to learn,
And he knowed jest enuff about drillin'
To blunder at every turn.

He liked all the ruff and the tumble,
The excitement uf war and uf strife,
Bein' ruff, just a bit, by his natur'
And pleased with a ruff sort of life.
He cud sware, now and then, like a trooper,
Tell a story, or sing you a song,
Drink his full share of grog with his cumrads,
And feel he wus doin' no wrong.

But when it cum to a skirmish,
Or a regeler stand-up fight,
He wus allus on hand fur duty
And nerved with a loyal might.
Now and then when the line moved forrud,
He was sure to be leadin' the van,
Shoutin' out to his cumrads to foller
"And lick the hull d——d rebel clan."

He seemed not to think about danger,
  But mid thickest uf shot and uf shell,
Wud fight like sum ragin' demon
  From the very depths of Hell;
His voice wus the loudest in cheerin',
  His gun wus the surest uf aim,
And his shoutin' the loudest and proudest
  When we won at the deadly game.

One day betwixt the two armies
  A farm house wus set on fire,
And while all were steadily gazin'
  As the flames swept higher and higher,
A child at the upper winder
  Wus seen thru the smoke-cloud's rift,
And all knowed the child must perish
  Unless rescued prompt and swift.

Bill tuk in the siteration,
  And wus off at once like a shot,
Not mindin' the rebel bullets,
  All danger to self furgot;
He reached the farm house in safety,
  Plunged in thru the smoke and heat,
Rushed up the stairs like lightnin'
  To the child's unsafe retreat.

He gathered the child to his busum,
  Turned back on his perilous path,
Sped down the stairs in an instant,
  And wus safe from the fire fiend's wrath,
While the Johnnies, who'd seen him enter
  Mid their shower of leaden rain,
Were ready with loaded muskets
  If he dared to appear again.

But when they saw him a-comin'
  With the child to his busum pressed,
And caught at the noble purpose,
  That had stirred in his manly breast,
The warm Southern heart was conquered,
  The Southern soul inspired
With such lofty admiration
  That not a gun was fired.

The Johnnies stood silent a minit,
A-watchin' what Bill wud do,
Admirin' his noble darin',
And his courage he'd proven true,
Then all their united voices
Burst forth in a mighty shout
That shook the ground that they stood on
And all the great hills about.

Agin' and agin' they all shouted,
Agin' and agin' they all yelled,
And as each new shout rolled upward
Still louder and louder it swelled,
Till the shout was caught up by the Yankees
And then fur the longest spell,
The only fight 'twixt the Johnnies and Yanks
Wus, which cud the loudest yell.

And such shoutin' and hootin' and yellin',
Such howlin' both wild and shrill
I never heard in my long life-time,
And never hereafter will,
Unless in the good time a-comin'
When the Yanks and the Johnnies get home,
I hear 'em round Heaven's big camp-fire
A-shoutin' 'bout "Kingdom Come."

Bill seemed not to think of the shoutin',
Paid no attention or heed
To the thanks both armies were votin'
To him for his darin' deed,
But away he sped with his burden
Toward the camp uf the friendly Yanks,
Thinkin' only uf savin' that child-life
And nuthin' uf anyone's thanks.

But a shot frum some far-off cannon
Thru the air most cruelly sped,
Hit Bill as he journeyed onward
And left him all shattered and dead.
While the child, that stood at the winder
And to every appearance wus lost
Wus saved to its friends and kindred
Tho at fearful and terrible cost.

Bill wus none of the overly "pious,"
Didn't mumble his prayers overmuch,
But, if heaven counts kind and brave actions,
'Twill pervide a good place fur all such,
Fur once said the Master, Heaven's ruler,
In words jest as plain as can be—
"Inasmuch as ye did it to these little ones,
Ye have done it alike unto me."

MY TREASURE HOUSE

(The Son of a Veteran Speaks.)

I am guarding my treasure house closely,
I keep it with lock and with key,
For the treasures, contained there, are precious,
Most rich in their value to me.
They are plain, but I prize them more highly
Than richest of jewels or gold,
While it takes but a moment to count them
Their value can never be told.

There's a pair of old shoes—very common—
Which many would scarce deign to touch,
They are rusty and dusty—I know it—
And in money their worth is not much.
Were they offered for sale in the market,
No person would offer to buy,
But while they are worthless to others,
I prize them exceedingly high;
For once they were worn by a soldier
On his marches by day and by night,
And I know they trod only one pathway—
The pathway of duty and right.

Here's the canteen this same Union soldier
Was carrying that day when he fell,
On this side the mark of a bayonet,
On that side the dent from a shell.
Perhaps it is foolish to keep it,
But 'twas his, and it lay near his side
When faintly—scarce breathing—he called for 't,
Drank from it one swallow, and died.

Here's a pile of old letters! He wrote them,
When the war-storm was raging with might,
To the wife that he loved, briefly telling
Of camp life, of march, or of fight;
Many years have sped by since the writing,
Some words have grown faded and dim,
But they speak of his love for his country
From the heart ever loyal in him.

There's the blouse which he wore in that battle,
The last where he bore his proud part;
Here's the hole made by that fatal bullet,
Here the stain of the blood from his heart.
He told us of love true and tender
He bore for his child and his wife,
But these tell of love for the Union
For which he gave freely his life.

That book was my mother's fond love-gift;
'Tis faded and soiled, as you see,
With a leaf turned just where a marked passage
Begins with its "Come Unto Me;"
As he lay with his life ending slowly,
That book to his torn bosom pressed,
The last words his lips ever uttered
Were—"Come unto Me and find rest."

Who was he—this brave Union soldier?
A private who served in the ranks,
Amid hardships and hunger and fighting,
With little of pay or of thanks,
And yet when we count love of country,
Devotion to Duty and Right,
Mid the names of the world's greatest heroes
His name shines immortal and bright.

We may talk of the blood pure and royal
Of emperors, princes and kings,
We may joy while the orator praises
And the poet inspiringly sings,
But no blood ever flowed that was richer
Through the bravest and best human veins
Than the blood of this true, loyal hero,
Which covers this blouse with its stains.

Some speak of an ancestry noble,
  Traced back through a thousand long years,
Feeling proud as they faithfully trace it
  And glad as their doubt disappears;
But for me there's no ancestry nobler
  Than that which I honestly claim,
When I point to my brave soldier father
  Whose death crowned with honor his name.

But there's one sacred treasure I'm keeping,
  That's dearest and best of them all,
And I guard it with special devotion,
  Locked closely in Memory's Hall.
This treasure sets forth the proud record
  Of one who took part in the fight
And laid down his life doing duty
  For Union and Freedom and Right.

And oft I go over this record,
  Review the full tale it can tell,
The camp life, the marches, the skirmish,
  The battle where bravely he fell,
And, as I take in the full story
  Of how like a hero he died,
I rejoice o'er the name that he left me
  And cherish that name with just pride.

Some boast of a heritage royal
  That is left by some father to son—
A fortune that reaches the millions,
  Or a name that some ruler has won;
But mine is a heritage prouder
  Than all of earth's riches can bring,
Or the name of the most potent ruler,
  Be he emperor, sultan or king.

And so I guard closely my treasures,
  Prize them more as the years hurry by,
Draw from them a grand inspiration
  For purposes noble and high;
For mem'ry would haunt me forever,
  Weigh me down with a feeling of shame,
If a failure to do my full duty
  Should tarnish that true, honored name.

Yes, we children of men, who fought bravely
For country 'mid War's fearful strife,
And gave to the cause they loved dearly
Their service, their blood, or their life,
Should be true to the lofty example,
They have left us in Duty and Right
And struggle with highest endeavor,
To make our records equally bright.

A SOLDIER'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

I was a youth of some twenty years
In the summer of sixty-two,
When the Civil War was a raging wild
And a making our people blue,
And so I thought that I'd take my gun,
Being stalwart, and hearty, and strong,
And join the army and do what I could
To help Uncle Sam along.

I was always a peace-loving sort of a chap,
With courage a little bit slack,
But my parents were dead and no kindred ties
Interfered for to hold me back;
Only one little thing appeared to check,
Or to disarrange my plan,
And that, alas! was the sober fact,
That I loved one Sally Ann.

And Sally Ann loved me just the same,
So we formed the lovingest pair
That was ever seen by mortal man,
Or was heard of anywhere.
Could I say good bye and part from the girl
And go to the war away?
Why! the very thought almost drove me wild,
And oppressed me for many a day.

But after much thought and debate and doubt,
I concluded that I would go,
And then I marched straight to my Sally Ann
And tearfully told her so.
She heard the news with o'erflowing eyes,
With a sad and a broken heart,
Declaring that she would surely die,
If we were obliged to part.

I coaxed her much and plead with her—
I labored and long besought—
I brought up every strong argument
That anyone could have brought;
I declared I should be ashamed to live
And remain at home just then
When the country was being so sorely tried
And so greatly needed men.

Dear Sally Ann heard all that I said,
But it did not change her mind.
She called me heartless and cruel too,
A heathen, the most unkind—
She declared that the Union cause might go,
And the enemy grow more strong
Before she'd consent to my going a step
To help the Nation along.

I tried to bolster the matter up
The best that a mortal could
By telling how very much I loved
The cause for which I stood;
I said that 'twas duty that bade me go,
And that I would be base indeed,
If I should thus hear my country call
And should pay that call no heed.

So very strong did I urge my cause,
So forcibly make my plea,
That Sally Ann could but yield at last,
Though in tears and in misery.
She said that perhaps I had better go
And gallantly do my part,
While she would try to live, if she could,
Though 'twas with a broken heart.

Then came the parting! And such a time
Two lovers had never had!
With enough of sighs and groans and tears
To make all the angels sad,
And promises strong to write each day,
And pledges, by many a score,
That we would ever most loyal be
And faithful for evermore.

Then quickly I sped to the army away
And my soldier life began,
Resolved to my country to ever be true,
And true to my Sally Ann.
Our daily letters both came and went,
Filled with loving words and true,
Which cheered our two hearts and made them glad.
As no other thing could do.

The letters that came from my Sally Ann—
I never—no! never—can tell
How much they lightened my aching heart,
Or how, with their magic spell,
They aided in making my duty light
And in helping me bravely to bear
The trials and hardships and dangers too
That came to me everywhere.

In camp, or on march, or on battle-field
These letters, kept near to my heart,
Inspired within me the highest resolve
To faithfully do my part,
While ever in mind was the cheering thought—
"When we whip the traitorous clan,
I will quickly fly on the wings of love
To my faithful Sally Ann."

Now Sally's letters came right on time,
With their loving words and sweet,
For the space of nearly eighteen months,
And then they began to retreat,
Coming only at lengthening intervals,
While shorter and shorter they grew,
Until at length they entirely stopped,
Leaving me very sad and blue.

I thought this thing most remarkably strange,
—Most decidedly odd, and queer—
That Sally Ann should neglect to write
When her love was so deep and sincere.
So I sent her letters, at least a score,
Requesting her promptly to name
The reason she had for this strange neglect,
But the answer—it never came.

At last, grown desperate with my grief,
I proffered an earnest request
For leave to visit my northern home
"For business," I said, "and rest."
Then, having promptly this leave obtained,
I started without delay,
Urged on by my love and anxious thought
To travel both night and day.

But alas! and alas! this fickle world
Works its measure of misery,
And Sally Ann, with her fickle heart,
Dealt a crushing blow to me.
At home I found that the week before
She was to the altar led
And, deserting me and the Union cause,
Had married a "Copperhead."

I cannot tell of the bitter grief
This brought to my aching heart;
I cannot tell of the fearful pain
That came with its cruel smart;
I can only say that my Sally Ann
Was another's forevermore,
While I was a sad and deserted youth
With a broken heart and sore.

And so, bowed down with my pain and grief,
I returned to the field of strife,
A thinking that little remained for me
But to end my weary life.
And wherever my duty said to me "go,"
I went with a reckless pride,
Not caring a whit what the end might be,
Or whether I lived or died.

But my soldier life was ended one day
In a bloody and desperate fight,
When, pushing along with a charging host,
With a sort of reckless might,
A rebel bullet came swift and sure
In the midst of the terrible strife,
And laid me low with a fearful wound
That almost cost me my life.

I was taken at once to the hospital,
So I've heard my comrades say,
Where I lingered along betwixt life and death
For many a weary day.
But at length with the kindest and best of care
My wound—it began to heal,
And a longing to live came back to me
Such as only the young can feel.

One day from a fit of delirium wild
As I wakened to consciousness,
I felt on my brow a gentle hand
With a tender and kind caress,
And, looking up, I caught the sight
Of what seemed an angel's face,
So rich was it crowned by Nature's hand
With every heavenly grace.

I inquired her name and who she was
Before many days had fled.
"She's the angel of the hospital,"
Is what all the comrades said;
"She's a watching here and a helping there
And a soothing us midst our pain,
We know she's an angel and that is all,
But we call her Mary Jane."

For weeks I did little but watch and think,
As this "angel" went on her way,
Consoling one here and cheering one there,
Kept busy both night and day.
She sang, or read, or prayed for the boys,
Wrote letters with kindly art,
Or with word, or smile, or gentle caress
Brought cheer to the lonely heart.

Do you ask me now why I talk of this,
Sound her praises so loud and high,
While hundreds of nurses did just as well
In those terrible days gone by?
Well I'll tell you, my friend, and I'll tell you true—
As my body grew free from pain,
There sprang up in my heart, in some magic way,
A love for this Mary Jane.

And I told her that love one quiet night,
When I was getting most well,
But how I told or what I said,
If I tried, I could never tell.
I only know that the love I gave
Was returned with a double share,
While we pledged ourselves to be man and wife
And we pledged it then and there.

Six months from that time, on a quiet day,
I proud to the altar led
The fairest, sweetest, most charming bride
That any man ever wed,
And the little nurse, whose tender care
And watching had saved my life,
I was only too happy and proud to call
My darling, beloved wife.

For more than forty swift speeding years
We, together, have moved along,
A having our share of cloud and rain
But more of light and song;
And so I rejoice at the kindly Fate
That, looking to my gain,
Deprived me of a Sally Ann
And gave me Mary Jane.

HURRAH FOR THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Sweet By and By."

To arms sprang the Brave Volunteers
With a courage both loyal and true,
When with hatred inspired
Foul treason had fired
On "Old Glory"—"The Red, White and Blue."

Chorus—

Then hurrah for our Brave Volunterrs,
We name them with pride and delight,
While we sing how they fought
And how bravely they wrought
In defense of the Union and Right.

All hail to the Brave Volunteers,
For, with loyalty, hardy and rare,
The thousands enrolled,
Ever fearless and bold,
Were ready to do and to dare.

Chorus—

Give praise to the Brave Volunteers,
For ever in battle's fierce strife,
With valor and might
They struck for the Right,
Giving freely of blood and of life.

Chorus—

There is fame for the Brave Volunteers,
And honor both now and alway,
Their record shines bright
With glory's own light
And we hail it with gladness today.

Chorus—

Here are tears for the Brave Volunteers,
For their many true heroes and brave,
Who have passed to their rest
In the land of the blest
Through the portals of death and the grave.

Chorus—

VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Illinois."

I will sing the wondrous story
Volunteers, Volunteers,
How you won immortal glory,
Volunteers, Volunteers,
How you fought with courage true,
Equalled only by the few,
Winning honor for "The Blue,"
Volunteers, Volunteers,
Winning honor for "The Blue,"
Volunteers.

When the battle's wrath was raging,
And "The Blue" "The Gray" engaging,
Through the flaming gates of Hell,
Mid a storm of shot and shell,
Brave you fought, though many fell.

As the hosts that saved the Nation
You achieved an honored station,
For you made a gallant fight
For the Union and the Right,
Put the bravest foe to flight.

With the names on Glory's pages
Yours will shine through all the ages,
And will prove an inspiration,
Waking love for Flag and Nation,
Hailed by all with admiration.

May your heroes, health possessing,
Long enjoy life's every blessing,
And at length on Heaven's bright shore,
With your comrades gone before,
Dwell in peace for evermore.

GALLANT BOYS IN BLUE.

I will sing their noble daring,
    Gallant Boys in Blue,
How they fought, all danger sharing,
    Gallant Boys in Blue,
Fought in battles dread and gory,
Famed alike in song and story,
Fought for Union and "Old Glory,"
    Gallant Boys in Blue,
Fought for Union and "Old Glory,"
    Gallant Boys in Blue.

When War's traitor tocsin sounded,
And all loyal hearts astounded,
"Down with treason," rose their cry,
"Fling the Union banner high,
For it we will do or die."

Through long years of firm endeavor,
Brave they wrought and faltered never,
Brave in battle's stern array,
And wherever duty lay,
Conquering victory from "The Gray."

They have passed the honored portals
To the Hall of earth's immortals,
And their names will ever cheer
Those who hold the Union dear,
Striking traitor hearts with fear.

Hail we, then, with admiration,
Those who fought and saved the Nation,
And our praise shall rise and swell
Through the land we love so well
As their valiant deeds we tell.

HE DIED WHERE HE FELL

"It was a bloody fight! Yet I still live,
But torn and shattered in a fearful way;
One hand all gone! Leg broke—I would not give
A farthing for my life after this day.

"I lie alone upon this blood-stained field;
Too dark around me to be seen or see.
Will no one come to rescue me, or yield
A little comfort in my misery?

"I did not think to live a moment when
We made that charge amid the shot and shell
The rebels sent. Twice driven back and then
We won, while torn and bleeding sore, I fell.

"For hours I've lain here, and for hours must lie.
Such racking pain! O! God, how can I live!
Blood flowing free, strength waning—I shall die,
Here give to country all I have to give.

"And yet it matters not! But once comes death,
And once he must come to the best of men;
He meets the millions and their fluttering breath
Steals quick away—but never comes again.

"It matters not? I am so young as yet;
But two and twenty years flown o'er my head.
That is not long—but still I can't forget
The joy and gladness they have round me shed.

"So I would live! Not because Death I fear,
But life has charms for one so young as I.
Mid all this pain bright visions hover near
And make me long to live—I would not die.

"Yet Death may come, and I be forced to go
At his stern bidding. His relentless call
Brooks no delay or hindrance, and if so
I must obey and yield him up my all.

"Tis sad to die so young! And yet—and yet
What is one life, or thousands, if the might
Of our Grand Army conquer wrong and get
A victory for Country, Truth and Right.

"Yes, I would live! But I can die content
If only Country can be safe and free—
I would not live to see it torn and rent,
Severed, dishonored, robbed of liberty.

"Oh, God, if Death must come, accept my prayer,
And let me with thy blessing now be blest.
I die for Country—Oh! receive me where
Wars never come, but all is peace and rest."

The hours rolled on and at the dawn of day
His comrades found him, lying where he fell;
His form was lifeless, and that cold, cold clay,
Of his sad ending, had no tale to tell.

No tale to tell? Ah! yes, the wounds there found
—These told a tale of wondrous force and pride,
How, hero-like, with ardent valor crowned,
For Country and for Right he fought and died.

THE ESCAPING SOLDIER.

"An' yu-uns a Yankee sojer
What's dun lost and can't fin' yoo way?
An' yuse 'scapin' frum dem blarsted rebels
What nabbed yoo one udder day?

Wall, cum in an' make yooself welcum,
Ise not gwine to turn yoo out
While Ise got a bit uf col' hoe-cake
An' bacon a-lyin' about.

"Yuse all wet, an' cold, an' hungry!
Wall, set on dis stule by de fire
An' git yooself warm and a-rested,
While I pile de wood a bit higher.
'Tis a moighty bad night to be strugglin'
Fru de hills, an' de swamps, an' de rain,
An' I specs how yuse perty nigh wilted
A-trampin' wid hunger an' pain.

"I heerd de soun' ob yer footsteps,
An' yoah knock on de cabin doah,
An' I reckoned 'twas sum poah nigger
Got caught in de rain's down-poah;
But I foun' 'twas a Yankee sojer
A-wantin' sum rest an' food,
An' I reckon dis shanty is yoo'n
'An all dat it has dat's good.

"Care fur ye! Yis—de Lor' bress ye!
I'll do jest de best dat I can;
Couldn't shut out any poah sojer
Dat I knowed wus a Yankee man.
So set up an' eat dis yer hoe-cake
An' bacon—it's not much fur food,
But 'tis all dat Ise got an' I reckon
'Twill do yoo a little bit good.

"Yis! dis is one ob de stashuns
Ob de un'er-groun' railroad today.
An' we take in de poah Yankee sojers
Dats runnin' from prison away.
Las' week we had two poah fellers
An' one jes' de week befoah
An' now my ole man, Jason,
Is off wid a couple moah.

"So you stay here to-night an' tomorrer,
Git rested de bes' dat yoo can,
An' tomorrer night in de darkness
We'll start you fer Freedom's lan'.

An I specs how yoo quickly will get dar
All happy, an' safe, an' soun',
Fur we allus fool de Johnnies
Wat keep watchin' an' snoopin' aroun'.

"I 'lows if ole massa cud see me
A-feedin' sech 'Yankee trash',
He'd cuss an' swar like all fury
An' wallup me wid de lash,
But I knows de good Massa in Hebben
Ud say how Ise doin' right,
A feedin' de poah an' needy
Dis rainy, onplesant night."

THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

[For a Re-Union of Said Army.]

When the "War of the Rebellion"
Rose with all its angry might,
And foul treason marched its legions
'Gainst the Union and the Right,
Then the gallant Sons of Freedom,
From the North—both East and West,
Rallied to defend the Union
And the land they loved the best—
Some fought in those gallant Armies,
Cumberland and Tennessee,
Others in the grand Potomac,
Or some other it may be,
But none fought more brave and loyal,
Or more gallantry did show,
Than thy many valiant heroes—
Army of the Ohio.

While the struggle raged most fiercely,
With its years of deadly strife,
You stood firmly by the Union,
Free to give both blood and life,
Sharing hardships and privations,
Doing duty here and there,
Ready to defend "Old Glory"
And all dangers bravely dare—
Loyally and freely giving
All you had on earth to give
That the foe might be defeated
And the Union ever live.

Hence we'll sing the wondrous story,
As the years shall come and go,
How your heroes fought and conquered—
Army of the Ohio.

In the camp, on march or picket,
'Mid the heat, or rain, or cold,
Hungry, worn and sadly weary
With your duties manifold,
In the skirmish with its dangers,
Midst the battle's leaden rain,
With its storm of deadly bullets,
Working death mid tears and pain,
All undaunted you moved forward,
Knowing naught of doubt or fear,
Treading firm the path of duty
With a loyalty sincere—
Ever true to Right and Country,
Dealing Treason many a blow,
Thus you won the proudest honor,
Army of the Ohio.

In the bloody fight at Shiloh,
On that second fearful day,
When "The Blue" in deadly conflict
Were arraigned against "The Grey,"
Then you fought with highest courage,
Struck with arm of valorous might,
Thinking not of death or danger,
If you only won the fight—
Fought, as other Union heroes,
With resolve to win or die,
'Till you vanquished a brave foeman,
Won a glorious victory,
On this field of loyal triumph,
O'er the bravest of the foe,
A grand monument you builded,
Army of the Ohio.

When you crossed the rugged mountains,
In the Fall of Sixty-three,
From Kentucky's fertile regions
Into Eastern Tennessee,
Then you showed the bravest spirit,
Doing faithfully and well,
On half-rations, all the duties,
Which unto your lot befell.

Scarce more hard Napoleon's crossing
Of the Alps in days agone,
Scarce more credit won his army
Than was by your valor won,
For you freely toiled and suffered,
And by deeds which all should know
A new monument you builded,
Army of the Ohio.

In that grand, heroic struggle
'Mid the hills of Tennessee,
When you met as brave a foeman
As e'er fought with Bragg or Lee,
You both wrought and suffered freely,
Doing duty brave and true,
Winning victories for the Nation—
Fame for those who wore "The Blue."
Starving in the siege of Knoxville,
Fighting bravely here and there
Barefoot, ragged, yet undaunted,
With a pluck beyond compare,
One more monument you builded,
Which will never lose its glow,
But, with years, will shine the brighter,
Army of the Ohio.

With the loyal hosts of Sherman,
In the Spring of Sixty-four,
You pushed forward toward Atlanta,
And a gallant part you bore—
In the skirmish, in the battle,
'Mid the storm of shot and shell,
None more valiant or heroic,
Though your bravest freely fell.
Here and there the foe retreated
From the fields they'd well maintained,
Till we captured proud Atlanta
And a glorious victory gained.
Here again your valor builded
A proud monument, and so
This will stand through all the ages,
Army of the Ohio.

In retreating from Pulaski,
Falling back in front of Hood,
And the overwhelming numbers,
Which around him bravely stood,

Gallantly you did your duty
Till at Franklin's bloody fight
You achieved immortal glory
For yourself and for the Right.
Then at Nashville, bravely battling,
With our other heroes true,
You helped crush the rebel army,
Won fresh honor for "The Blue."
Thus you reared, by pluck and valor,
A new monument to show
What you did to save the Union,
Army of the Ohio.

O'er the sands of Carolina,
From Fort Fisher, on you went,
Driving back the hostile forces
Which against you had been sent;
Everywhere you proved victorious,
Everywhere your courage won,
Till the rebel host surrendered
And your fighting days were done.
Thus again your valor builded
A last monument, to be
A proud herald, ever telling
Of this final victory,
And a mighty army captured
Of your brave and gallant foe,
With the Union saved forever,
Army of the Ohio.

These grand monuments you've builded,
And while time shall onward run,
They will ever speak your praises
For your duty bravely done.
Telling all throughout the Nation
And proclaiming far and near,
How you battled for the Union,
Fought with loyalty sincere,
That the Nation might not perish—
And thus letting all men know
What our soldiers did and suffered,
Army of the Ohio.

Honor to our great commanders,
Schofield, Foster and Burnside,
Buell and our other leaders
In whose fame we all take pride;

But we'll give an equal honor
To all soldiers in the fight
Who did true and loyal service
For the Union and the Right;
For our leaders gave directions
What they wanted to be done,
But the doing was accomplished
By "the men behind the gun."
And their deeds will live forever,
Speaking, as years come and go,
Of thy brave and gallant action,
Army of the Ohio.

Yes! these monuments, erected
By the deeds of valiant men,
Will stand firm through all the ages,
Speaking ever and again;
Prouder than the proudest marble,
More enduring, more sublime
Than all monuments of granite,
Builded in all years of time.
Ages will not dim their luster,
Centuries will not impair
Aught of glory or of honor
Which your deeds have builded there.
But as years pass on forever
In their ceaseless, silent flow,
These will shine with added brightness,
Army of the Ohio.

Not by this one generation
Will their voice alone be heard,
But each coming generation
Will catch up each thrilling word,
And 'twill prove an inspiration
To the many yet to be
To endure, and dare, and suffer
To maintain the Nation free;
And, as men come more to value
Both the Union and the Right,
Your proud name will be more honored
And your record shine more bright,
While all those who love their country
Will their richest praise bestow
On your deeds of noble daring,
Army of the Ohio.

We'll not claim you builded better
Than our other armies built,
Or your deeds were any braver,
Or more rich the blood you spilt.
But we'll claim you wrought as grandly
In the history you writ,
And the blood was just as loyal
Which you used in writing it,
While you fought with equal valor,
And your deeds shine just as bright
As do those of any Army
In the glorious Union fight.
Hence you'll live among the heroes,
Who wrought Treason's overthrow
Through their brave and gallant actions,
Army of the Ohio.

Army of the grand Potomac!
We will ever speak thy praise
For thy deeds of noble daring,
Wrought in war-times' fearful days;
And, proud Army of the Cumberland!
Until life's work is done
We will never cease to praise thee
For thy many battles won;
And, brave Army of the Tennessee!
No higher praise shall be
To these two other Armies
Than we gladly give to thee;
And to all the other Armies
Which upheld the Union cause
And did duty brave and loyal
We award our high applause,
But today our highest praises,
Tinged with love's immortal glow,
Shall to thee be freely given,
Army of the Ohio.

Then, hurrah for our proud Army!
And while we are praising here,
The loyal people everywhere
Join us with hearty cheer
And delight to do thee honor
For the work you did and dared,
And for all the toils and dangers
Which you once so bravely shared,
While all coming generations,
As they learn to know your worth,

Will uplift their mighty voices
And will sound your praises forth.
For that land of wondrous richness,
Where foul Treason dared to grow,
You helped save to Right and Union,
Army of the Ohio.

Honor, then, to our grand Army!
Brave you struggled—brave you fought,
And most noble deeds of valor
And heroic daring wrought.
Where the danger was the thickest
You were present in the fight,
Ever prompt to shed your life-blood
For the cause you thought was right,
Pushing on with heart undaunted
Toward a final victory
When the Right should be established
On the Rock of Liberty.
Thus you fought, and bled and conquered—
Thus you won the bright halo
Of immortal fame and glory,
Army of the Ohio.

NOT A "BACK NUMBER."

"A back number" you call him—that hero who fought
For Union and Right, and who gallantly wrought,
For the life of the Nation with loyalty true
And crowned with fresh honor, "The Red, White and Blue."
We know many years have passed hurriedly by
Since for Union and Right he was ready to die,
That the world has moved forward with marvelous speed,
Growing strong in its thought and its wonderful deed,
But that hero has grown with these swift-passing years,
Kept abreast of the times with their conflicts and fears,
Has earnestly labored with brave, loyal heart
In peace as in war to perform his full part.
Hence, he's not "a back number" in anyone's view
Who is ready to honor the brave and the true.

Our Civil-War heroes, who made their brave fight,
Through four years of blood, for the Union and Right,
And who, with a courage to do and to dare,
Achieved for the Nation a victory rare,
Are not yet "back numbers" and will not be ever
While men honor brave and heroic endeavor,

Or while they remember the deeds that were done
By which the great fight for the Union was won.
These heroes made history, grand and sublime,
And that history will live throughout all coming time
And through it these heroes will keep to "the fore,"
Moulding action and thought in this land evermore.

It is true—these old heroes are broken with years,
Show weakness of body as strength disappears,
While the work they've been doing some other must do,
And the schemes they have formed some one else carry through;
It is true—one by one they are stepping aside
And, however unwelcome or humbling to pride,
Are compelled to admit that no longer can they
Move forward and do as in manhood's proud day;
It is true, furthermore, that full many now rest
On the vast camping ground in "the land of the blest,"
While thousands of others, each swift-passing year
Are joining them there after leaving us here,
And soon the great roll-book will sadly declare:
"Not one present here, but all present there."

But this does not mean that we ever shall see
The gallant old soldier moved backward where he
Must be called "a back number" and take a back seat
As though he had wrought to meet only defeat,
Or had grown too enfeebled and helpless with age
To count as a factor on life's busy stage.
His cheek may grow wrinkled, his hair turn to grey,
His hand lose its cunning, his strength pass away,
His body may even be laid in the grave,
But his spirit will live in his deeds true and brave,
And will ever speak loudly, till Time's closing night,
For Freedom and Union and all that is right.

Moreover, our people will always retain
Their love for the Union and ever remain
Justly proud of the heroes who loyally gave
Their life, blood, or service the Union to save—
And hence they will labor with voice and with pen
To keep active the spirit of these gallant men,
By telling their story and making it plain
What they did for the Nation—its life to maintain,
For they know if this spirit once passes away,
The Nation itself will soon haste to decay.

No matter who said it or when it was said—
The old soldier will live when his body is dead,

And, while he thus lives, all our people shall see
That he's not "a back number" and never will be;
For with tongues, in vast numbers, he's speaking today
And will evermore speak till he passes away.
And these tongues, when he's dead, will not cease to impart
Truths grand and inspiring to each loyal heart,
Thus having a power to quicken the State
And its people to actions and thoughts true and great.

Our burying grounds, in the North, East and West,
Contain many graves of our bravest and best,
While some of these graves in the one "soldiers' lot,"
Grouped together, make evermore sacred that spot.
Through these graves the old soldiers will speak and will tell,
To ages unborn, how they toiled, fought and fell;
How peace was secured by the valor and blood
Of patriots who true to the Union had stood,
And how peace calls for patriots as true to the Nation
As those who once fought for the Nation's salvation.

Here and there through the country proud monuments stand
In honor of heroes who saved this proud land
To Union and Right, and who fought a brave foe
Until they had wrought his complete overthrow;
And when people, in ages to come, shall behold
These monuments, reared to the loyal and bold,
They will hear the old soldiers speak through them and say
That 'twas patriot valor and blood won the day,
And gained for the Nation, with cause just and strong,
A triumph for right and defeat for the wrong,
And that, if it is duty for country to die,
It is duty to live for't with purpose most high.

There are fields of great battles—some kept by the Nation
And guarded with care and with deep veneration,
With statues erected in honor of those
Who fell on these fields, bravely fighting their foes,
And as visitors wander these battlefields o'er
And speak of these heroes who've passed on before,
Their heads will be bowed and their hearts touched with pain,
And they'll hear patriot voices, again and again,
Whisper soft in their ears that, "since time began
The fittest of deaths is when man dies for man."

We have national graveyards, where thousands of braves
Lie—resting in peace—in their sad, unknown graves—
Men whose bodies were gathered from far and from near

And who fell at their posts and died without fear,
And as, ages hereafter, the multitude tread
The paths through these homes of our brave, honored dead,
And think of the many who lie sleeping here,
Or bow o'er some grave and perhaps drop a tear,
They will hear from these graves where our brave heroes lie
These words: "It is sweet for one's country to die."

We have poems abundant and songs not a few,
Recounting the trials our soldiers passed through,
Lauding patriot courage and patriot love,
And praising our soldiers all patriots above,
And in all time to come these songs will be sung
And these poems be read by the old and the young,
While through these our soldiers will loyally teach
That true love of country which all men and each
Must have in their hearts if they would be true
To the Nation and Flag in whatever they do.

There's our history, too, telling of the great fight
When "the Blue" met "the Grey" and put them to flight,
Describing the battles, rehearsing the way
That valor and bloodshed and death won the day,
And, through all coming years, youth and age will both read
That record of valor and many brave deed,
And, while reading it over and learning the facts,
They will hear the old soldiers speak out through their acts,
And tell how a patriot ever should live
By giving to country the best he can give,
And thus they'll be nerved with a new inspiration
To do and to dare for the Flag and the Nation.

Our laws stand today as they've been rearranged
While our great constitution has been somewhat changed,
All to meet new conditions the War brought about
And to settle vexed questions at one time in doubt,
And through these the old soldier is speaking today
In plain, simple words, and will thus speak alway,
Declaring to all of each new generation
That right must be right in the law of the Nation,
And that all of our people—the high or the low—
Must have freedom and justice wherever they go.

Our Flag stands for something it never stood for
During many long years just before our "great war."
For then, while proud Slavery governed the land
Our Flag spoke as ordered by its stern command,
Declaring, according to Slavery's school,

That the many should serve, while the few should bear rule;
But our soldiers, in blood, wrote this sentence sublime
On its glittering folds—and 'twill stand for all time:
"So long as this Nation our God shall preserve
The many shall rule and no one shall serve."
And wherever our Flag is unfurled to the breeze
In peace or in war, on the land or the seas,
It will bear this grand sentence and all men will see
That it hails from a Nation whose people are free,
And, while it speaks to them of Freedom and Right,
They will gaze on its folds with admiring delight
And will ask to be told of that wonderful story
How our soldiers won for it the name of "Old Glory."

We have, furthermore, our Memorial Day,
Set apart for this one special purpose: to pay
Our love and respect to that brave hero band
Who are safe in their camp in that "bright, better land,"
And, as year after year this day comes around,
And the loyal observe it with reverence profound,
As they laud the brave deeds and repeat the proud story
Of those who, through blood, crowned the Nation with glory,
Or stand by the graves where their ashes repose
And decorate these with the lily and rose,
The old soldiers will speak through each wreath that is spread,
Through each flower that is dropped and each tear that is shed,
And will have, in their speaking, some thought to impart
That will make still more loyal each true, loyal heart.

In view of these tongues, which are speaking today
And will speak for the old Union soldiers alway,
Who will say, of any old soldier, that he
Is today, "a back number" or ever will be!
These soldiers wrote history—wrote it in blood—
And that history will stand all Time's wreckage and flood,
And so long as it stands, the old soldier will be
A live, potent force in this "land of the free,"
And, of all civil duties, the great and the small,
Will teach love of country as greatest of all.

"OLD GLORY."

Fling out the old Flag to the breezes today!
We'll hail it with joy as we've hailed it alway,
And we'll gaze on its folds with profound admiration
As it floats in its pride as the Flag of our Nation.

For many long years it has waved o'er the land,
And we've given it the best love our hearts could command,
But never, as now, have we held it so dear,
Or had for it love quite so deep and sincere.

As we gaze on its folds, of the red and the white,
And its stars shining clear as the stars of the night,
The red tells to all, how our warm blood would flow
To maintain our just rights against any proud foe;
The white says the Nation can only endure
While the lives and the acts of its people are pure;
And the stars, shining out with their luster so bright,
Speak ever for Union and Freedom and Right.

"Old Glory," we call it, but just when it came
To be called thus, or who first gave the name,
We may know not.—But little that matters, if so
We learn all the facts that full clear we may know
Just why it was given—what brave deeds were done
By which the proud name of "Old Glory" was won!
Or who did those deeds and thus made the fame
Of the Flag, floating o'er them, so bright that the name
While alone was befitting its dignified state,
With the people all shouting its praises so great,
And to which 'twas entitled in speech, song and story,
Was the proud, honored, worth-crowning name of "Old Glory."

Our Flag sprang to being at Liberty's call—
An emblem of Freedom and Justice for all—
Proclaiming that all men, the small and the great,
Must have equal rights by the laws of the State,
And declaring, according to Liberty's school,
That the many—the people themselves—must bear rule
But an evil day came, when the few claimed the right
To rule o'er the many—and by the strong might
Of "grim-visaged war" sought that right to maintain,
Treating all our Flag stood for with utter disdain,
And fully resolved all their power to employ
The Flag and the Union alike to destroy.

But the Flag was endeared to the loyal and true,
And they rushed to defend it and carried it through
To a glorious victory over the foe
Who would blot out its name and the Union o'erthrow.
Through four years of war, with a firm consecration
They toiled, fought and bled for the life of the Nation.
Bore the Flag, with true courage, 'mid fire, shot and shell
Through hundreds of battles where many braves fell;

Upheld it 'mid hardships and dangers and fears,
'Mid heartaches and agonies, sorrows and tears;
Baptised it in blood of their bravest and best,
And bravely stood by it through every stern test,
Resolved that the Flag should continue to wave
O'er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.
And thus with new honor they honored its name,
And crowned its bright folds with new glory and fame.

Hence, when at the last all their fighting was done,
And they hailed, with delight, a proud victory won,
The Flag floated over one people once more,
Each star in its place as it had been before,
While it spoke for the Union and Freedom and Right,
Proclaiming these words, of good cheer and delight:
"That citizens all, whatsoever their station,
Must have Freedom secured through the laws of the Nation
And that all must enjoy, by the Nation's command,
Equal rights and protection throughout the whole land."

Thus crowned with new glory and honor and fame,
Baptised with new blood—the best of our name—
And then recommissioned to wave o'er the van
Of the hosts waging war for all just rights of man,
And to cheer on the many and make them more strong
In defending the Right and attacking the Wrong.
Our Flag both deserved and received as its due
The name of "Old Glory" from patriots true—
Men who'd bravely upheld it through four bloody years,
Had borne it to victory 'mid loudest of cheers,
And had won it fresh glory by deeds true and brave
While fighting the life of the Nation to save.

Thus they named it "Old Glory"—name truly sublime
Among the proud names in the annals of time,
Because, born aloft in the thick of the fight,
It had filled their brave hearts with new courage and might,
And had helped them to conquer a victory grand
For Freedom and Right and their own native land,
And they'd thus come to love it with love deep and pure,
Which, sealed with their blood, would forever endure;
And because it waved prouder a proud Nation o'er,
And deserved higher honor than ever before,
And because they all knew, by its new consecration,
It stood firmer than ever for Right and the Nation,
For Freedom and Justice and all it stood for
During all our past life, both in peace and in war.

So today we salute it, with pride and delight,
As "Old Glory"—the Flag of the Union and Right—
Feeling sure it will ever float over our land
While our people for Freedom and Justice shall stand,
And that new generations will hail it with cheer,
Will gaze on its folds with love deep and sincere,
And will read, with delight, every line of the story
Why it came to be called by the name of "Old Glory."

And as we salute it, we pray it may wave
"O'er this land of the Free and this home of the Brave,"
Through all coming years, while the best we can give
We pledge to it freely as long as we live:
"Our lives" to uphold and its honor sustain,
"Our fortunes" its glory and fame to maintain,
And "our honor most sacred" that thus it may be
Kept floating forever—the Flag of the Free.

[In support of the principles, laid down in our "Declaration of Independence," our forefathers said: "We pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."]

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country—the land of the brave and the free!
We crown thee with honors—the richest there be—
And thy praises we sing with a loyal delight
While thou standest for Union, and Freedom, and Right.

We hail thee as first of all nations to claim
That all men are equal—created the same
In the right to their life and their liberty, too,
And the seeking of happiness, justly their due.

Thy government, free, must forever endure,
For 'tis built on these rights, which are sacred and sure
And derives all the powers it can justly demand
From consent of the governed whose will rules the land.

We know how our Fathers, through struggle and pain,
Poured out their blood freely thy Freedom to gain,
And what strong opposition their valor o'ercame
To make thee a Nation and give thee a name.

We know, furthermore, all the sacrifice made,
All the hardships endured, all the lives freely laid
On thine altar that thou might'st continue to be
One united Republic—the land of the Free.

In the on-march of Nations thou leadest the van,
The first in demanding all just rights for man
And claiming that these rights must evermore be
To all guaranteed by the Nation's decree.

Thou know'st, in thy borders, no rank or proud state,
No poor men or wealthy, no humble or great,
But all thy protection can equally share
And all look to thee for a guardian's care.

For these things we love thee, O! land of the Free;
For these things we offer high honors to thee,
And with each passing year we will love thee the more,
And give higher honors than ever before.

Thy name we are proud of, thy Flag we revere
And call it "Old Glory"—our Flag ever dear—
While we pray it may ever continue to wave.
The Flag of the loyal, the true and the brave.

May the God of all Nations forever abide,
Close by thee, as counselor, helper and guide,
And thy people, united, with firmness and might
Stand ever for Union, and Freedom, and Right.

Thus aided by God, with thy people all true
To the highest ideals man can have in view,
May thy future shine brighter—thy name dearer grow
In the hearts of thy people as years come and go.

JOLIET'S GREETING

To Our

CIVIL WAR HEROES.

The Forty-Fifth Annual Encampment of the Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, was held in Joliet, June 13, 14 and 15, 1911—

All hail ! Ye heroes brave
Who fought our land to save
To Freedom, Truth and Right!
Glad voices we upraise
To honor you with praise
For work mid War's sad days,
Done with your loyal might.

We know how well you fought,
What deeds of valor wrought
On both the land and sea.
We know the courage true
That brought "Old Glory" through
Four years of Hell for you—
And made our Nation free.

It is with deep regret
We recognize a debt
We owe you, but can't pay.
Your years of toil and pain,
Daring on battle's plain,
And blood shed for our gain
Make us in debt alway.

We give you welcome true—
With honor that's your due—
To the best we have to give.
May blessings rich be yours
As long as need endures
And what for you secures
All good while you may live.

THE RE-UNIONS OF OUR CIVIL WAR VETERANS.

[At the State Encampment of the Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, held at Joliet in June, 1911, some one suggested that it would be well for the Veterans of our Civil War to hold no more Re-unions because of the fact, that these Veterans are getting so few in number, so old and so feeble. This suggestion has called forth the following bit of verse.]

Hold no more Re-unions? We soldiers who fought
For our Nation and Flag, for the Union and Right ?
No more meet together as comrades who wrought
For the cause they loved best with a valorous might ?
No ! Perish the thought ! That man little knew
Of the true soldier heart who suggested that we,
Because we are old and are feeble and few,
Should declare our Re-unions must nevermore be.

We "old soldiers" remember the dangers we dared
And the battles we fought during War's bloody day;
We remember the suff'rings and trials we shared
And the comrades who fell in the thick of the fray;
We recall the long march in the mud and the rain,
The bivouac at night on the cold, frozen ground,
The hunger endured, and the heart-ache, the pain
And the hardships severe that we everywhere found.

No gallant, true soldier can ever forget
The comrade who marched, as he marched, day by day,
Who grew weary, as he grew, and faint, but who yet
Refused to give up or "fall out" by the way;
Who shared a like camp-life, slept 'neath a like tent,
Faced similar dangers both seen and unseen,
Endured the like hardships that none could prevent
And "drank" with delight, "from the same canteen."

'Tis this common experience we soldiers have known
That first bound us in comradeship loyal and true,
And more loyal and true has this comradeship grown
Each year since the time we discarded "The Blue."
And so 'twill go on as the years come and go,
Working change after change under Time's stern decree,
This loyal, true comradeship firmer will grow
No matter how old or how few we may be.

It is true we are aged and feeble and few,
Our faces are wrinkled, our hair turned to grey,
Our eye-sight is dimmed and the strength we once knew
Has passed from us largely forever away;
But never before have we needed so much,
Or joyed in so truly or held quite so dear
The loyal and faithful companionship such
As we find when our long-trusted comrades are near.

Hence, as we remember the days of the past
And those who shared with us their hardships and fears,
We take a delight, that will evermore last,
In meeting together 'mid life's closing years.
The kind look of the eye and warm grip of the hand
Wake heart-throbs of friendship all others above,
While recounting war scenes, which but we understand,
Draws us closer together in brotherly love.

And so we'll continue as comrades to meet
In Post-room and often by Regiments small,
While at Camp-fires and District Re-unions we'll greet
Each other when gathered at Comradeship's call.

But chiefest of all—both delightful and great—
We'll hold our Encampments where all may appear
From out the whole Nation or else from each State
And comrades meet comrades with hearty good cheer.

Moreover, we'll meet when we hear the glad call
Of the Daughters of Vet'rans, the W. R. C.,
The Grand Army Ladies, and aids one and all
Such as Veterans' Sons or whoever they be.
For we're proud of them all and give them our praise
For the aid they have tendered, the love they've expressed
And the kindness they've shown which have smoothed the rough ways
And helped make our last days so happy and blest.

Our numbers, we know, have grown less since the time
When hero faced hero in fiercest of fight,
And when, with a courage and daring sublime,
Each stood for the cause he believed to be right.
Hence our millions are counted by thousands today—
—'Ere long 'twill be hundreds, then tens and then none—
For rapidly now we are passing away
And soon our last comrade's earth-work will be done.

But, when only one is left in the land
He will hang out "Old Glory" some days he holds dear
And will summon his comrades by silent command,
And in spirit they'll come though to sight not appear,
And at these Re-unions he'll feel at his side
The presence of comrades he once knew so well,
And again hear their voices ring out with just pride
As the tales of their war-life they hasten to tell.

And though kept, by old age, in his home all alone,
His thoughts will go over the war-scenes of old,
And he'll live with his comrades o'er days that are gone.
And he'll share with delight in the tales that are told.
For, lost to the present, he'll know but the past
And he'll think of these comrades as living again,
And, though these Re-unions but moments may last,
They will bring him a joy that will ever remain.

And so these Re-unions will ever be held
So long as one comrade is left on the earth,
And we'll share in their pleasures though even compelled
To hide aches and pains by the feigning of mirth.

And when at the last we all gather around
The Camp-fire on Heaven's all beautiful shore,
We'll hold a Re-union 'mid joys most profound,
And, once gathered there, we will part nevermore.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

How can we speak the worth
Of such a man as he,
Whose noble life wrought good on earth
For all humanity.

How can we voice the fame
Which he so justly won,
How honor, as we ought, the name
He made by deeds well done ?

His was the task to stand
And guide the Ship of State
Through years of war that rent the land
And made hearts desolate.

Ruling a Nation Great,
He ruled that there might be
A people free and consecrate
To Right and Liberty.

Armies of valorous might,
Under his ruling hand,
For Union, Liberty and Right
Achieved a victory grand.

With patriotic zeal,
At Duty's stern behest,
He labored for the Nation's weal
And ever did his best.

Whatever was the call,
Forgetful of himself,
He gave his mind, his heart, his all
To aid the Commonwealth.

He stood for Right alway
Because he felt assured
That only when the Right holds away
Is human good secured.

A patriot through and through,
Scorning all selfish pride,
With honest heart and purpose true
He lived and wrought and died.

We know those trying days
When, acting true his part,
He did those deeds which win the praise
Of every patriot heart.

Great man! A people free
Honor thy name today,
And to thy hallowed memory
A grateful tribute pay.

STORY TOLD BY A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

John went to the army in late sixty-one
When duty led many to go,
Leaving me with the children to live all alone,
With a sorrow no mortal can know.
I kissed him good-bye with a heart full of pain
And saw him go marching away,
While I thought that I never would see him again,
But must live sad and lonely alway.

We'd been married six years—the happiest years
Two mortals had ever yet known;
We had shared in life's joys and also its tears
While our hearts all the closer had grown.
Two children had come with their sweetness and love,
And the message they brought was so dear
That we thought them commissioned by Heaven above
To comfort our hearts and to cheer.

One evening we sat by ourselves all alone—
The children we'd just put to bed—
When John in a quiet, deliberate tone,
With his hand holding mine, gently said:
"I believe I'll enlist and go to the war,
If you think that I'd better, my dear,
The boys are enlisting from near and from far,
And I hate to stay here in the rear."

These words like an arrow went straight to my heart
And my eyes filled with hot, burning tears,
And I sobbed with a grief I thought ne'er could depart,
But would stay with me all coming years.
I'd surmised John was thinking of going, for then
War-talk was profuse everywhere,
And the army, he'd said, greatly needed more men
To fill up its ranks here and there.

Moreover, the papers he carefully read
At morning, at noon and at night,
Most carefully noting whatever they said
Of march, or of skirmish, or fight.
Besides in the evening he'd sit silently
And sigh now and then a bit queer,
But his speaking out thus and appealing to me
O'erwhelmed me with anguish and fear.

But soon I had managed to master my grief
And my tears had wiped mostly away,
And I felt for a moment a sort of relief
While I mustered up courage to say :
"Yes, John, if you think it your duty to go,
Perhaps it is best that you should,
For the country needs men as I very well know
And you can do your share of good.

"I think I can care for the children and home,
And, in some way, can manage the farm
Until the War's over and then you will come
Back to us, if suff'ring no harm.
But if something should happen and you nevermore
Come back!" This thought once again
Set me sobbing—for who knows how terribly sore
And bitter my sorrow and pain.

I did love my country and felt justly proud
That John was so ready to give
His service or life to help banish War's cloud
And make certain the Nation would live.
But, O ! the sad thought that I nevermore
Should see him on this earth again
Filled my heart with an agony ne'er known before
And pierced it with cruelest pain.

So John went away to the war and thus left
The children and me all alone,
While with sorrowing heart and of hope all bereft
I went at the work to be done.
I followed the harrow or plow day by day,
Did the chores both at morn and at night,
Helped at gath'ring the crops and, in this or that way.
Did whatever work came to my sight.

John wrote to me often and told of his life,
Of the march, of the camp, or the guard,
Of the picket, the skirmish, or terrible strife
Where the fighting was desp'rate and hard.
He told of his love for the children and me,
How he missed us by day and by night,
And I read every word, that he wrote, silently
While the reading brought much of delight.

And I wrote to John twice a week if I could,
Telling all about things here and there
That I thought would be cheering to him, or do good,
Or help him his burdens ot bear.
My life was most sad and a keen, bitter pain
Filled ever my innermost heart,
But, in writing to John, I wrote in a strain
That I thought only joy could impart.

Thus time sped along for a full year or more
And then on one bright Autumn day
I read these brief words which a sad message bore :
"John is sick. Hasten here right away !"
This message, so cruel, unnerved me at first
And numbed every sense, and held fast,
And I sat as one dazed unable to burst
The spell that was over me cast.

But when I had gathered my senses at length,
And my thought could once more clearly run,
I called to my aid all my courage and strength
In planning what was to be done.
I must go to John !—That I felt to be true,
But how could I manage to go ?
Who'd care for the children and see carried through
The farm work—I sure did not know.

But neighbors came forward with help full and free
When once they had learned my sad plight,
One would care for the children and others would see
That the farm-work was managed all right.
So I hastened to John, but found him so weak
That the doctors all thought he would die,
And, as I looked at him, unable to speak,
I could only wail out a sad cry.

Poor John did not know me. I called him by name,
I spoke of the children and all,
I told him how promptly and quickly I came
When once I received the sad call.
But all would not do. My efforts were vain,
Though I talked I could get no reply,
While he tossed and he groaned as in sorest of pain
And I thought he would certainly die.

So I waited in sorrow and watched by his side
For many a long, weary day,
While sometimes with sorrow and anguish I cried
And sometimes I kneeled down to pray.
But a change came at last. The fever was broke,
And then he slept quiet and well,
While I sat there for hours and scarcely once spoke,
Weighed down by Anxiety's spell.

But early one morning there came a surprise !
    When his pillow I sought to replace
He drew a long breath and then opened his eyes,
    Looking up at me straight in the face.
He seemed very much dazed—too bewildered to know
    Anything of the present or past,
But I called him by name in a voice soft and low
    And that served to arouse him at last.

He smiled just a trifle at hearing me speak,
    Then closed his lips firm as could be,
But after a while said, in voice very weak :
    "Was somebody calling for me ?"
Then I spoke once again and I saw that he knew
    And seemed happy at sound of each word,
And I talked just a little with words short and few,
    Telling briefly of what had occurred.

And I was as happy as mortal can be !
    Too happy for mortal to tell
When the doctor that evening came over to me
    And said : "John is going to get well."
How bright after that were the hours of each day !
    How bright seemed the days yet to come !
With joy to each duty I hastened away
    Till John was in shape to go home.

How joyful that journey as homeward we went !
    How swift passed the night and the days !
And when we reached home what a blessed content
    Filled my heart and attuned it to praise !
And John was so happy that here he could rest,
    From the hardship and danger set free,
Sharing richest of love in his own "home-nest"
    With the children about him, and me.

For two happy months he was with us, and then,
    As hearty and strong he had grown,
He had to go back to the army again
    Whose call sounded loud for its own.
That parting ! I thought that the parting before
    Was bitter as bitter could be,
But this was more bitter and brought with it more
    Of heart-pain and sorrow to me.

But, as at the first, I tried to brace up,
    (Though I broke down at saying good-bye),
And firmly resolved that I'd drink the sad cup
    Though the drinking brought deep agony.
So, when John was gone, I did all that I could
    To be cheerful and happy and bright,
But always beside me Grief's sad image stood,
    Wrapping life in the blackest of night.

One comfort I had that helped very much—
John's letters were always so bright,
Filled with words of deep love and cheerfulness such
That I wondered how he could thus write.
Then the children grew dearer and dearer each day,
Bringing life much of brightness and cheer,
While I knew how John loved them in his loving way
And that made them even more dear.

But another sad message was handed to me
And I read it with sorest dismay :
"John is fearfully wounded. The doctor can see
Little hope for him. Come right away."
A bit stronger I'd grown since that first message came
And so managed somewhat to conceal
The terrible torture which no one can name
But which I was now forced to feel.

But I soon had things fixed as I had them before
And had started once more on the way
To where I was needed perhaps even more
Than I had been on that former day.
How sad was that ride ! The anguish, the pain,
The agony filling my heart—
These held me their captive and rendered in vain
All efforts to make them depart.

John knew me this time and how glad he appeared
When he saw me near by him once more,
And the dark in his life seemed decidedly cleared
When I kissed him as often before.
But how sad was the story I soon heard them tell
How he'd fallen, shot down in the fight,
And had lain on the field where he gallantly fell
Far into the hours of the night.

And how to the hospital finally brought,
One leg was cut off at the knee,
While the other, from some rebel ball it had caught,
Had a flesh wound most frightful to see.
They told me the doctors thought first he would die,
But he'd shown so much courage and vim
That they now thought he'd live if watched carefully
And the very best care given him.

I felt badly, of course, at the wounds that John had,
But to know that they thought he would live
Seemed to banish all sadness and made my heart glad
With a gladness naught other could give.
And so very happy I went there and here,
Doing duty and caring for John,
Feeling little of worry and little of fear
As the moments and days hurried on.

And John was so thoughtful and never complained,
But was happy at all times and kind,
While his wounds improved daily and daily he gained
In health of both body and mind.
So in a few weeks the good season had come
When he could be up and around,
And soon we began our glad journey toward home
With hearts filled with joy most profound.

At home! Yes, at home and the children to greet,
And all the dear things that were there!
Can any one doubt that our joy was complete,
Unmingled with worry or care?
And John was so happy, and happy was I,
While the children partook of our joy,
And it seemed that our bliss as each day hurried by
Had in it no grain of alloy.

Forty years have gone by since that home-coming day,
And our faces are wrinkled and wan,
Our steps have grown feeble, our hair turned to grey,
But our joys have gone steadily on.
With his one wooden leg John can yet get around,
And we are happier than ever today,
While we feel that our lives have been blissfully crowned
With richest of blessings alway.

True, the years of the War were most hard, cruel years,
And we both suffered much as they passed,
But we've gathered a joy from our suff'ring and tears—
A joy that we'll share to the last.
I am proud of John's record. Both are proud we can say
That through suff'ring and grief we could give
A little of aid in War's terrible fray
That our Nation might evermore live.

Yes, the War called for men—and for sacrifice, too,
On the part of men, women and all,
And how bravely the millions stood ready to do
What they could at their Country's loud call.
It cost many lives, much of heart-ache and pain,
And woe such as few ever bore,
But 'twas worth all it cost, for it fixed to remain
"One Country and Flag" evermore.

THE MOTHER'S SOLDIER BOY.

Yes, we just called him Tommy—for Thomas, you know,
Seemed to take him so far, far away,
While Tommy just brought him close to us, and so
We called him plain Tommy alway.

But to tell the full story you ask me to tell—
How his life in the army began,
And how he did duty and finally fell,
I really don't feel that I can.

The story is sad—yes, a sad one for me,
His mother who loved him so true,
While recounting it brings me a fresh misery
And opens those old wounds anew.
You remember him well as a bright, happy boy,
The one only boy that we had,
And what a vast measure of comfort and joy
He brought us that made our hearts glad.

He was only sixteen—but the war-cry was loud,
And the country was calling for men;
His young friends were enlisting and he was too proud
To remain in the background just then.
So he begged of us daily to give our consent
That he might enlist with the rest,
And his words were so forceful at last we unbent
And said: "Yes—that perhaps it is best."

His father and I reasoned matters this way:
We'd been praying for many a year
That some time, in our land, there would come a bright day
When slavery would all disappear.
We believed that the war would wipe slavery out,
And then shame would cover our face,
If the loud call to crush it we'd met but to scout
And had sent only prayers in help's place.

We believed that sometimes act is better than word,
That doing counts more than mere prayer,
That sacrifice real is to be much preferred
To the loudest of talk here and there.
So we gave our consent that Tommy might go
To the Army and do what he could
To help on the cause that we all valued so
And for which all the loyal host stood.

But the parting! How terribly bitter and sad
To kiss him good-bye with the fear
That perhaps nevermore would he make my heart glad
By his presence so loved and so dear!
I was proud of my boy—justly proud that he thought
Enough of his country to go,
But the anguish I felt and the bitterness wrought
By his going no mortal can know.

I had nursed him, bestowed on him motherly care,
Watched o'er him through childhood's frail day,
Given love such as mothers alone have to spare
And to give to their children alway.
And I know he loved me with love fully as true
As a child to a parent can give—
And to part with him thus ! How could I go through
My duties—or how ever live.

But the parting day came and the last kiss was given
While holding him close to my heart,
And, with final good-bye, I prayed a kind Heaven
To keep him from all ills apart.
Then he and his comrades marched slowly away
And soon they were lost to my sight,
While my eyes filled with tears and the brightness of day
Seemed obscured by the darkness of night.

Then homeward we went ! But how drear was that home !
The air filled with sadness and grief,
And it seemed for some days the time never would come
That would bring to us any relief.
But Time is the healer of every sore wound,
Some cheer brings to every sad heart,
And so, as the weeks and the months slipped around,
We felt some of the darkness depart.

We filled up the time with the cares of each day
And the duties that came to our hand,
While we read all the news, in the most eager way,
Of the war in all parts of the land.
Tommy wrote to us often and told us what share
Of hard duties he had to perform,
Of the hardships, the trials, the march here and there,
Made either in sunshine or storm.

He told of the picket, the skirmish, the fight
Where battle was cruelly waged,
Where two opposite forces, with valorous might,
For "the cause each loved best" were engaged.
And we read all he wrote with the greatest of care,
For to us it had richest of charm,
While we sighed at the hardships that he had to bear
And rejoiced that he'd suffered no harm.

But one morning there came a sad message which said
That "Tommy was wounded and we
Should hasten unto him. Though naught was to dread,
He was constantly calling for me."

As I took in this message I lost my control,
Felt dizzy and thought I would fall,
For I feared that it told but a part of the whole—
To lessen the shock to us all.

I was too dazed to speak or even to cry,
But could only keep walking and moan,
While the pain in my heart and the sore agony
Were such as I never had known.
But I came to myself as the moments sped by,
And then the tears flowed full and free,
While the darkest of clouds served to blacken my sky
With no "silvery lining" for me.

But I heard Tommy calling—and soon I prepared
To go at his call right away,
While hoping and praying his life might be spared
At least till I reached where he lay.
And soon I was there, though the journey was sad,
While the tears came again and again,
But when I had reached him we both felt so glad
We forgot all our sorrow and pain.

As I looked at him there—the very same boy
I had bade such a solemn good-bye
Only twelve months before—I was filled with such joy
That all I could do was to cry.
But I kissed him and kissed him while holding his hand
As if trying my gladness to prove,
While I seemed to hear nothing but one sweet command
To show him how deep was my love.

His wound was a flesh wound I quickly found out,
Not dang'rous the doctors all said,
While they told me he soon would be up and about,
If kept quiet awhile in his bed.
So I watched him and nursed him, delighted to know—
More delighted than mortal can tell—
That his wound was fast healing and soon he could go
Back home where he'd quickly get well.

So after a month we had started away
For the home that we both held so dear,
While a radiant gladness illumined our way
And filled both our hearts with good cheer.
And that home-going journey ! How happy the ride
As onward and onward we went,
With Tommy so glad sitting close by my side,
While I felt most fully content.

And when we reached home!—that ever-dear spot!
It seemed I'd not seen it for years!
And on reaching the house I found I could not
Keep my eyes from o'erflowing with tears.
Then that happy re-union! With Tommy so glad
And his father so filled with delight,
And his fond-loving sisters both acting "like mad"
When Tommy came into their sight.

And, with all of our joy, I was happy to see
How Tommy would go here and there,
Viewing this or that object whate'er it might be
With a pleasure exceedingly rare.
He appeared so delighted to be at his home,
Freed alike from War's hardship and fear,
While he acted as though every object had come
To be specially pleasing and dear.

So time rolled along and three months passed away
When our hearts once again were made sore,
For Tommy was well and without more delay
Must go to the Army once more.
So we said our good-bye, but how sore was my heart,
How bitter my anguish and pain
When I gave the last kiss and saw him depart
To his post in the Army again.

His father loved Tommy most deeply and true,
And the sisters—they both loved him too,
And I—well, you know, there are few—very few
That can love as a mother can do.
And Tommy besides, was our one only boy,
And I loved him so fondly and well,
While his presence brought to me such fullness of joy
That my grief when he went none can tell.

But when he was gone we lived on in our way,
Doing ever the best that we could,
But our hearts knew a sadness for day after day,
That is only by few understood.
Tommy's letters helped out and brought us some cheer,
While the work that we all had to do
Sometimes turned our hearts from the somber and drear
And helped us the weary days through.

But after some months lived 'midst hoping and fear
A message came to us one night,
Saying: "Tommy is wounded again—most severe—
Shot down in the midst of a fight."

I can't tell how I felt when the message was read.
But my life seemed crushed suddenly out,
And I reeled to a seat while the brain in my head
Seemed whirling, bewildered, about.

But when I'd recovered myself we soon planned
To start for the front right away,
For we knew of a husband and wife near at hand
Who'd come into our house and here stay.
What a terrible ride, filled with gloom and despair,
With aching of heart and of mind,
With only a faint ray of light here or there
To waken a thought bright or kind.

But when we arrived at our sad journey's end
We heard what we feared we might hear,
That Tommy was dead—died with never a friend
Or loving one anywhere near.
They told us his story : "Our forces, quite strong,
Started out on a charge to be made,
And Tommy was shot while moving along
On the skirmish line with his Brigade.

"He was quickly picked up and borne back to the rear,
His wounds dressed with little delay,
But soon he was sent to the hospital here
Though 'twas thought he would die on the way.
He lay here two days all unconscious and weak
While we faithfully watched by his side,
Then, not knowing a thing and unable to speak,
He quietly, peacefully died."

His father and I heard this sad story told
And our hearts bled as never before,
While I felt all the blood in my veins growing cold
And my pulse scarcely beat any more.
We went to the bed where his form calmly lay,
And looked at his face cold and white,
But it seemed, as I stood there, the light of the day
Was changed to the blackness of night.

But, grieved as we were, there was work to go through,
Some action we now had to take,
And, though weighed down with heaviest sorrow, we knew
That the journey back home we must make.
And soon things were ready—the body prepared—
And we were fast hurrying away
To the home loved so dearly and where we had shared
Love's bounties for many a day.

And I thought it all over while speeding along—
How happy our home-life had been,
With brightest of hopes, and with laughter and song,
And with love ever reigning within.
But now what a change we would find to be there!
Deep darkness instead of the light,
Our joys rudely banished by cruel despair
And day by the blackness of night.

But we reached home at last and then laid in the grave
The remains of our loved one and dear,
And, though we all tried to bear up and be brave,
We found little to comfort or cheer.
"Our Tommy was gone! Never more should we see
His presence among us again"
Came with a most crushing oppression to me
And my heart pierced with cruelest pain.

We are glad, we were willing—sufficiently strong
In our love for the Union and Right
To do all that we could do to help things along
In that cruel and desperate fight.
We are proud, too, of Tommy and always will be—
We are proud of the record he made,
Justly proud that he went to the Army where he
So much valor and courage displayed.

But all this does not lessen the ache and the pain
That I have in such liberal share,
Nor yet does it banish the sad, cruel reign
Of sorrow I'm called on to bear.
And so, while remembering Tommy with pride
And while glad that he did what he did,
There's a grief in my heart that will ever abide
And a sadness that cannot be hid.

OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

[Respectfully dedicated to the surviving members of The One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.]

To-day we go back over fifty long years
And our thoughts note the time when we met
On our first camping ground with youth's hopes and youth's fears
And 'mid scenes we can never forget.

We met then as strangers, but were to become
Friends and comrades in that fearful fight
Which was then being waged for this land as our home
Under Freedom and Union and Right.

For a full year and more had that fearful fight raged,
Bringing all its vast army of woes,
And we'd changed from the thought which our minds first engaged,
That in three months we'd witness its close.
Hence when we enlisted we thought 'twas to stay
For the whole or the most of three years,
And this thought of long service made sadder the day
When we parted from loved ones and started away
To a life dark with doubts and with fears.

And today we remember that parting so drear—
The mother's or wife's fond embrace,
The whispered good-bye with the sigh and the tear
And the deep-saddened look on the face;
The father's last word in that low, broken tone,
The sister's last tearful adieu,
Or the sweet-heart's last kiss with a grief-ladened moan
And a sorrow that she only knew.

And we also remember the feeling of pain
Which pierced and weighed down our own heart
When we said our good-byes, fearing never again
Might we see those from whom called to part.
And we further remember how oft in those years
"At the front" when we prayed peace might come
And recalled these good-byes that our eyes filled with tears
And we sighed for those loved ones at home.

Yes! Well we remember those days of the past—
The camp-life and all that it brought
With its numerous ills which we hoped would not last
But which sadly our discomfort wrought.
But we were young then, and youth's buoyant charm
Led us always when put to the test
To make light of all ills that might work for us harm
And to look, with bright hopes, for the best.

And well we remember that "muster-in" day
When we became soldiers indeed
And were armed and equipped in the regular way
To give help in our country's sore need.
We remember full well when—a regiment true—
We stood up on our first dress-parade
And tried handling our guns in a way somewhat new
Which our ignorance sadly displayed.

We were soldiers then true, but how little we knew
Of the duties we'd have to perform,
Of the picket and guard, or the march long and hard
Through the heat or the mud or the storm.
We knew nothing of skirmish o'er hill or o'er plain,
Through the grain-fields or woods here and there,
Of the battle where Death rules with torture and pain
And the bursting of shells and the bullets' fierce rain
With their hideous noise fill the air.

We knew not what harships we'd have to pass through,
What burdens we'd be forced to bear,
What suff'rings and trials would come, ever new,
Or what hunger we'd be called to share.
We knew naught of the horror that filled our own heart
When a battle raged fiercely and wide
And some comrade, while gallantly doing his part,
Was shot and fell dead at our side.

Yes! Fifty long years have sped hurriedly by
Since we met to begin our war life,
Yet today we recall to our minds vividly
Many things that we learned 'mid its strife.
We clearly recall what we had to endure,
What of trial and suffering to bear,
What of anguish and heart-ache naught human could cure
And what dangers none others could share.

There was camp-life with often its poor, meager fare,
Where duties came thick evermore,
Where we never could tell, though we sought everywhere,
What the morrow had for us in store.
There were picket and guard whose strict duties alway
All soldiers alike had to meet
And discharge in full measure by night or by day,
Or 'mid sunshine or storm, cold or heat.

There were long, weary marches in mud or in rain,
Or beneath the hot rays of the sun,
While the night often vanished before we could gain
The goal where our marching was done.
And oft, when the march had been but for the day
And at evening a camp had been found,
We were forced to lie down and to wear night away
On the damp, or the cold, frozen ground.

Sometimes our provisions would utterly fail
Of every description and kind,
And then we'd start out on some uncertain trail
To forage for what we could find.

And, if something to eat was picked up on our way,
We were filled with the greatest delight,
But oft we were forced to go hungry all day
And then remain hungry all night.

Then came the hard skirmish o'er hill and o'er plain,
Driving back the brave foe with our might,
Or retreating when feeling we could not maintain
Our position if forced to a fight.
Or perhaps some fierce charge we were called on to make
On the strong-guarded line of the foe,
Or the foe's well-made "works" we were ordered to take
Amid dangers no mortal could know.

And last came the battle where brave met the brave,
And foe fought with foe but to kill,
Where each of the best that he had freely gave—
Of his strength and his courage and skill—
Where men were shot down with a fiendish delight,
And blood was poured out in full stream,
Where no law was known but of cruelest might
And Hell reigned in triumph supreme.

And today we recall all the comrades who fell
In the battle's fierce strife, or who died
From starvation and want in those "prisons of hell"
With none near but to mock and deride.
And the many who, wounded or sick, passed away
In our hospitals lone, here and there,
With no loved ones present a fond word to say
Or to soothe with their kindness and care.

We remember, moreover, the comrades who've gone
Since the war's fearful struggle was o'er—
With their records complete and their life-work all done—
To that "bright and that beautiful shore."
We shall see them no more and no more shall we greet
Their presence, with all its good cheer,
As in happy re-unions we yearly shall meet
In a comradeship true and sincere.

But a pride fills our hearts when we think once again
How these heroes in war's fiercest strife
Ever wrought with true valor our cause to maintain
And for it gave time, strength, or life.
We are proud or their record and proud that we know
How nobly they all did their part,
And how promptly they went where'er Duty said "Go"
And how freely they gave all they had to bestow
With a valiant and true, loyal heart.

And we know that, though dead, they will evermore speak
To the patriot hosts yet to come,
Urging all for the right and the worthy to seek
And to keep this land Freedom's proud home.
While their loyal example will reach everywhere
And a grand inspiration will prove
To all noble hearts to guard with great care
This land which we all so much love.

All these many mem'ries come to us today
After fifty long years have sped past,
And we know they are with us forever to stay
As long as these earth lives shall last.
But, as they come to us, joy flees far away
And tears in our eyes freely start,
While a feeling of sadness asserts fullest sway
And fills and oppresses each heart.

Thus memory brings both the smile and the tear,
Deep sorrow as well as great joy,
For it calls to our minds what each soldier holds dear
And what nothing can ever destroy.
And, while part that it brings causes heart-ache and pain
By the facts which we all know so well,
Other part cheers the heart with a joyous refrain,
Bringing pleasure no mortal can tell.

But, when we once turn from the things which have been
And come to the present, we see
How diff'rent all are from what they were then—
Changed as if by some wierd mystery.
In every department of life here and there
We find changes we never had guessed,
While the change in ourselves, sometimes, we're aware,
Must sadden the bravest and best.

We go back fifty years! We were then only boys,
Filled with vigor and strength and good-cheer,
While we pictured a future all crowned with rich joys,
And with little of worry or fear
Now happy we were! For that future was bright
With all that could gladden and charm,
And we gazed on its brightness with greatest delight
Never thinking it held its full portion of night
And due measure of evil and harm.

But now we are feeble and weakly and old,
Our faces are wrinkled and wan,
While our unsteady steps and our ills manifold
Say our life-strength will soon be all gone.
We know that the years, as they've hurried along,
Have brought us much comfort and cheer,
But we see they are ending and we, once so strong,
Must soon from the earth disappear.

But, as we look back o'er the record we've made
And call up our war-life anew,
We know we did right when the call we obeyed
To join "The Grand Army in Blue."
And we feel justly proud to know we sustained
A just cause and helped in the fight,
Where Treason was crushed and a victory gained
For Freedom and Union and Right

And so while we live—(How long none can tell)
And our memories these thoughts shall engage,
We'll seek to be happy, though oft called to dwell
On the weakness and pains of old age.
And, whether our days yet are many or few,
We'll be cheered by the thought that we gave
Our service to country and thus helped it through
A crisis severe and helped make it anew
The land of the free, the united and true
And the home of the loyal and brave.

THE IDEAL SOLDIER.

It was late in the Fall of the year "sixty one"
That he went to the war with the brave
And the true Union soldiers, with knapsack and gun
To help our grand Union to save.
How proudly he walked as he hastened away
From his home and his friends all so dear,
And those who beheld him could think of no day
When he'd know the least feeling of fear.

He went as a boy, but a boy with a will
And a noble ambition and high
To do his full part to the best of his skill
Wherever his duty might lie.
Of what was before him he gave earnest thought,
Resolved to be faithful and true,
So that all that he did, wheresoever he wrought,
Should be done just the best that he knew.

He was one of the many whose loyalty strong
Led them promptly to join in the fight,
To save this great Nation from treason and wrong
To Freedom and Union and Right.
He didn't like war, but duty said "Go,"
And he went at stern Duty's command,
Resolved, with his best, to help crush a proud foe
And win victory for our goodly land.

He was faithful in camp with its rigorous ways,
With its ever-continuous round
Of duties and cares and monotonous days,
Which in camp-life so freely are found.
But a bright, cheerful look ever shone on his face
And his words had the tone of good cheer,
While, if sadness e'er came, he ne'er gave it a place
Or hinted 'twas anywhere near.

Sometimes it was found that the march hard and long,
At the end, left him weary and worn—
That the frame which, when starting, was hardy and strong,
Had grown weak with the load it had borne.
Yet he never complained, but when the end came
And the troops were in camp for night's rest,
He thought of this marching as part of War's game
And counted it all for the best.

When stationed on guard and, with slow, measured tread,
He walked back and forth o'er his beat,
With the storm raging wild and the clouds o'er his head
Charged with wind and with cold, rain and sleet,
He did his full duty amid the wild storm,
Shrank not from its roughness severe,
And, though cold and sleet chilled and battered his form,
He kept up his usual good cheer.

And when out on picket with comrades most true,
Stationed near to "the works" of the foe,
Whence came rebel bullets which everywhere flew—
—Around and above and below.
Yet here with all thought of real danger forbid
And prompt with the service he gave,
He showed himself faithful in all that he did—
A soldier both loyal and brave.

And oft, when engaged in fierce skirmish, "The Gray,"
"The Blue" sought to force to retreat,
When the balls flew so thick and so fast that the fray
Seemed a battle where mighty hosts meet.

He faced the foe firmly and had a brave air
As he marched in the van from the start,
And ever was ready to do and to dare,
Seeking always to bear his full part.

But chiefest of all was when fierce battle raged,
And the shot and the shell filled the air,
When the bravest of foes in hot strife were engaged
And to "kill" was the rule everywhere.
He then proved his courage, his true, valiant might,
His daring that none could excel,
As he stood in the very fore-front of the fight
And wrought like some demon from Hell.

But there came a sad day when most wildly he raved
From a terrible wound with its pain,
Which he got in that battle where freely he braved
The foe's charges again and again.
For while pushing along 'gainst a foe brave and strong
A fierce ball left him prostrate and low,
And he lay where he fell while the shot and the shell
For hours wrought death, torture and woe.

At last he was found and was carried away
To the hospital—there to remain
Betwixt life and death for full many a day,
Knowing little but torturing pain.
But at length the time came when his strong healthy frame
Hung out signals that banished all fear—
Then he waked with delight and with mind clear and bright,
Filling all with fond hope and good cheer.

But time brought him at last to that glorious day
When he knew that his war-work was o'er,
And he started for home and for friends far away,
More happy than ever before.
He was glad to be free from war's turmoil and strife—
From its hardships and dangers severe,
And be able to look toward a happy peace life
Amid scenes that he held ever dear.

And so he went home with a bright, happy heart,
And was welcomed by friends he held dear,
While he felt a just pride that he'd done his full part,
With a loyalty true and sincere.
With his war-life behind and a peace-life before,
He took up peace duties again,

Knowing well, if this country which we all adore,
Is worth dying for, then truly the more
Is it worth living for and all, with full store
Of honesty, zeal and good will evermore,
Should work for't with might and with main.

Whoe'er saw him starting upon his new life,
And thought o'er the record he'd made,
While serving his country 'mid danger and strife,
Would be struck with the things there displayed.
There were loyalty, hope and abundant good cheer,
A duty-sense active and bright,
And courage and patience and faith most sincere
In the cause of the Union and Right.

Such a man has a right to be happy and proud,
As he goes on his life-chosen way,
And his sky should be bright without rain, storm or cloud
To shut out the sun's cheering ray.
For he has his proud record, and that record shows
To all who its pages will scan,
That when Duty said "Do" he promptly arose,
And proved himself truly a man.

We meet with such men, but may give little thought
As to what they may be or may do,
We may speak of them rarely, and count as of naught
What they say, e'en though worthy and true.
But 'tis only such men that can build up a State,
And in war and in peace can sustain,
And make it both strong and substantial and great,
Where Justice and Right ever reign.

God bless all such heroes wherever they be,
And add to their number each day,
And give them quick sense and clear vision to see
The great needs of our country alway—
For only with such can our land be secure
And our freedom remain to the last,
And our Government evermore firmly endure,
The same as in years that are past.

I AM DREAMING.

I am dreaming—yes, quietly dreaming
Of the days that have sped swiftly by—
Of some when the sunlight was streaming
From a clear and an unclouded sky,

And of some that were darksome and dreary,
With no sunlight to brighten the day,
When I grew to be foot-sore and weary
As I went on my devious way.

Yes! I'm dreaming, and yet in my dreaming
Much I know has been dealt out to me,
That in it had nothing of seeming
But was all stern reality.
A reality often-times springing
A hope and a joy to impart,
But sometimes with cruel hand bringing
Deep sorrows and grief to my heart.

In my dreams I recall with great pleasure
That home with my child and my wife,
Where Love reigned in fullest of measure,
And crowned with its bounty my life.
And I thought I could live on forever,
In that hallowed and joy-centred spot,
While I felt that good Fortune could never
Improve or make brighter my lot.

But war came, and I heard the loud calling
For men to go forth to the fight—
To stand in the place of those falling
In defense of the Union and Right
And I went with "the boys" never guessing
What the future had waiting for me,
But having my wife's richest blessing
With her love and her prayers full and free.

That home-parting scene! How it lingers
In memory's loving embrace—
A picture that Time's busy fingers
Can never remove or deface.
The sigh and the tears and the sorrow,
The last kiss and the final good-bye,
Seemed to darken each coming to-morrow,
And to shut out all light from life's sky.

So I parted from loved ones and went far away
To fight for the cause I loved best,
And there I did duty for day after day
With a heart sadly sore and oppressed.
My wife wrote me often, in love's sweetest strain,
Of herself and our child—both so dear—
And I read every letter again and again,
And the reading brought much of good cheer.

My wife did her best to avoid what was sad,
And to write in a bright, cheerful way,
But I noticed full well that her letters all had
A tone of deep sadness alway.
I knew she was worried and troubled for fear
Some evil might happen to me,
So I filled all my letters with words full of cheer,
To lighten her sad misery.

But one day a brief message was handed to me,
Bearing saddest of news—that my wife
Was fearfully sick and the doctor could see
Little hope of preserving her life.
That news nearly crushed me! But soon I regained
A fair sense of the duties to come,
And I hastened at once and a furlough obtained,
And started directly for home.

How I ever reached home I never could tell,
With the terrible anguish and pain
That oppressed me, while with them anxiety's spell
Racked my innermost heart and my brain.
But I reached home at last, yet only to find
That my wife could not recognise me—
And she died that same night while leaving behind
Two lives wrapped in sad misery.

And we laid her at rest with hearts bleeding and sore—
While my dear little girl of ten years
I trusted to friends I had known long before
And left her with heart-ache and tears.
And soon I was back in my place as before
Where I took up war duties again,
Being fully resolved to be true evermore
In spite of my sorrow and pain.

And I did my full duty the best that I knew,
Faced the storm while on picket and guard,
Suffered hunger when rations came not that were due,
Grew weak on the march long and hard,
Endured all the suff'rings and hardships that came
For our soldiers to meet and to bear,
And faced all the dangers of War's fearful game
In the skirmish and fight here and there.

But, though serving 'mid danger from day after day,
Ill escaped me in every sad form,
While many to sickness and wounds fell a prey,
Or were killed 'mid the battle's fierce storm.

I saw all the horrors and sufferings that reign
Under War's mad and pitiless hand,
And I prayed war might cease and never again
Come to curse and to sadden our land.

But at last the end came, and our fighting was o'er—
And we hailed the result with delight,
With the Union preserved to endure evermore
And a victory won for the Right.
Then I hastened right home, but only to meet
Such news that would crush the most brave:
The child whom I loved and expected to greet
Was sleeping Death's sleep in her grave.

So for all these long years I have lived on alone,
With a mixture of pleasure and pain,
While the hurrying seasons have come and have gone,
Bringing losses to some—to some gain.
But oft I have fancied, when sitting as now
All alone, I have felt the caress
Of one hand, so lovingly fond, on my brow
Or one gentle presence near by, seeking how
It might cheer me and comfort and bless.

So I'm sitting alone, and I'm dreaming
Of the time that must very soon come,
When cheered by "Heaven's Morning Star's" gleaming,
I shall go to my last "Happy Home."
And I know that my loved ones will meet me,
With Heaven's rich pleasures elate,
And with love of that "Better World" greet me,
As I pass through "the beautiful gate."

GRAND-FATHER.

I am only a girl, but much talk I have heard
About "Our Great War" and the fight
Which our brave soldiers waged and what great things occurred
In the struggle for Union and Right.
I have sat many times on my grand-father's knee,
While accounts the most thrilling he gave
Of his life in the Army which showed me that he
Had been a true soldier and brave.

And I've thought these things over again and again,
Until mem'ry has hold of them fast,

And I think they're so fixed that they'll ever remain
All vivid and fresh to the last.
And I love to repeat them, for somehow I feel
They set forth some wonderful facts,
About our brave soldiers and clearly reveal
A few of their brave, daring acts.

He told how he went to the Army from home—
Just a boy of scarce fifteen short years—
And how when the time for the parting had come,
All voices were hushed and all tongues rendered dumb
By the sorrow, the wailings and tears.
His father and mother had said he might go,
But the parting brought deepest of pain,
For they feared he'd be killed in some battle and so
They never would see him again.

He told of the hardships of camp and of guard,
Of facing the cold and the storm,
Of marches, when hungry, which proved very hard
And which he'd scarce strength to perform.
Of picket—of skirmish, o'er hill and o'er field,
Of the charge on "the works" of the foe,
Of the battle where neither side wanted to yield,
And where Death reigned mid anguish and woe.

But there's one fearful battle he talked of the most,
Where Death reigned with power most supreme,
Where the many, shot down, formed a vast, mighty host,
And where blood flowed in one constant stream,
And 'twas here, when sore wounded, he lay where he fell
Far after the close of the day—
While the pains that he suffered no mortal can tell—
Until found and borne kindly away.

He told how how he lay in the hospital lone
Through weeks of sore anguish and pain,
Nursed only by strangers—with no loving tone
To comfort, to soothe or sustain.
Then he told of the heart-rending wailings and groans
Of the wounded ones lying near by,
And again of the feeble and pitiful moans,
Of the many just ready to die.

He spoke of his capture one day by the foe,
And of being conveyed far away,
And placed in a prison with others and so
Forced to stay there for many a day.

And his sufferings here were beyond all compare—
Unhoused, and half clothed and half fed—
He was treated with cruelty, fiendish and rare
Among demons to cruelty bred.

He was filled with delight when exchanged, and once more
He was safe with "the boys" whom he knew,
And whom he could trust as he had done before,
As comrades both loyal and true.
He was hearty and strong, and performed his full part
Wherever stern Duty said "Go,"
Doing all he could do, with a brave, earnest heart,
To help weaken and conquer the foe.

But the time came at last when "The Great War" was o'er,
With a triumph for Union and Right,
And he with his comrades—a multitude more—
Was discharged and came home with delight.
'Twas a pleasure to hear him tell of the great joy,
That filled each and every fond heart
Of all the home friends when they knew "the dear boy"
Was safe home and would no more depart.

And when he got married he lived over there,
And 'twas there his war stories he told,
And I fondly listened, till years and life's care
Had left him decrepit and old.
I know he was proud of the things he had done—
Had a right to be proud, even more,
And I shall be proud, although now he is gone,
Of the part he so gallantly bore.

Thus I listened, attentive, to what he might say
About all of these cruel war years,
And oft I was forced from the joyous and gay,
To a state of deep sadness and tears.
And I loved him so much that, with no little pride,
When he told of some brave, daring part
He played in the war, I would rush to his side
With a kiss from a warm, loyal heart.

And so I was hoping and praying alway
That "Our Father in Heaven" would spare
This hero unto us till life's longest day,
And would guard him with tenderest care,
And that his last days he might know as his best,
With many kind friends ever near
To guard him from worry, from care and unrest,
And to aid him and comfort and cheer.

But it was not to be! Father Time had his claim
And enforced it in his cruel way,
For while I was hoping and praying there came
That "summons which all must obey."
So we bade him good-bye and watched by his side
Till his body had gone to its rest,
And his spirit had passed—where 'twill ever abide—
To "the home of the happy and blest."

But though he has gone I can never forget
The service so loyal and true,
Which he gave to his country without a regret,
While wearing that "Grand Army Blue."
And I pray that such heroes may ever abound
With hearts which will evermore see
That "The Right" is upheld and this land remains crowned,
As the home of the loyal and free.

OUR DEPARTED COMRADES.

How many have gone to their home "Over There"
Of our comrades, the loyal and brave,
Who were ready, with courage, to do and to dare,
In seeking the Union to save.
We know they are gathered on "Heaven's Camping Ground,"
With the choicest of bounties in store,
Where all that is needed for soul-growth is found
And where pleasures unnumbered and richest abound
To be theirs to enjoy evermore.

We know what they dared 'mid the fierceness of war,
How they wrought in that terrible fight,
Where, 'mid suff'rings, and dangers, they bravely stood for
"One Country," "One Flag" and "The Right."
Some fell at the front bravely fighting their foes,
And in hospital some passed away,
While many, escaping life's conflicts and woes,
Have gone safely "Home" since the War's happy close,
Brought us peace with its glad, golden day.

We miss all these heroes who, 'mid war's fierce rage,
Did their duty so nobly and well,
Who faced every danger the foe to engage,
Through wild hail-storms of shot and of shell.
And with each coming year we will miss them the more,
As in happy re-unions we meet,

For we know how their presence brought bounteous store,
Of royal good cheer which made evermore
These re-unions with joy most replete.

We'll speak words of praise for these comrades we knew,
While reviewing their deeds true and brave,
And recounting the hardships and dangers passed through
With the service they cheerfully gave.
We know what they did and how bravely they wrought
In the duties they had to perform,
And, with only the good of the Nation in thought,
How nobly they labored and gallantly fought,
'Mid the battle's fierce conflict and storm.

We shed tears o'er the loss of these comrades so dear,
And grow sad as we think nevermore
Will we greet them again in our journeyings here,
Or know them as known heretofore.
But, though our tears fall and our spirits grow sad,
We know they're enjoying "the rest,"
Which brings to them comfort and makes the heart glad
With all that is cheerful and bright to be had,
In "the land of the happy and blest."

Sometimes, too, we read of the valorous deeds
Of these comrades who've gone from our side,
And, as o'er their records our thought freely speeds,
Our hearts throb with joy and with pride.
But sometimes we read of the loss which befell
The friends whom they've left here behind,
And then comes a grief, with its harrowing spell,
Whose anguish and heart-ache no mortal can tell,
And a sadness that can't be defined.

We mourn for these comrades, as friend mourns for friend,
Whose companionship gave us delight,
And brightened our lives until came the sad end,
When by Death they were swept from our sight.
But, while we move on with our hearts sad and lone,
Often wishing them with us once more,
We forget now and then both the sigh and the moan
While enabled to say with a confident tone:
"They're not lost, but have just gone before."

We cover with flowers each sad, hallowed spot,
Where the forms of our loved comrades rest,
With the lily, the rose and the for-get-me-not,
All gathered at Love's kind behest.

And while these fair flowers we lovingly strew,
With sore hearts and a sorrowing face,
We pledge ourselves not to forget them anew,
While tears fall from our eyes and gently bedew
Each hallowed and sad resting place.

Then often we breathe an importunate prayer
To the Father of light and of love:
That he'll guard these loved comrades with tenderest care,
In his glorified Kingdom above.
But often our prayers are for those who remain:
That we may, at the last, find a place
Where we, with these comrades in Heaven's domain,
May enjoy all the blessings of Love's perfect reign,
And may share in a Father's rich grace.

And we hope, with a hope that is trusting and strong,
That when "life's fitful fever is o'er,"
We may meet once again, 'mid rejoicing and song,
These comrades who've passed on before.
And what a re-union there'll be "Over There"
When the end of this earth life has come,
And we all have assembled forever to share
A comradeship loyal beyond all compare,
And the joys of our Heavenly Home!

THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

God bless these women—a noble band—
Who by us have stood so long,
With Charity, ready, of heart and hand,
And Loyalty true and strong.

They have been our helpers in many a way
When sickness enforced its reign,
And by loving ministry, day by day,
Have lessened our cruel pain.

And when some feeble comrade has left
Earth's home for his home above,
They have brought a balm to the hearts bereft,
With their deeds and words of love.

In all of our friendly and kindly work,
They have given substantial aid,
And never were known to falter or shirk,
Whenever a call was made.

When Charity's sweet-toned voice was heard
They needed no other command,
But sped, with a ready deed or word,
To give the assisting hand.

In all our work for our country's good,
Or to add to "Old Glory's" weal,
They have by our side most bravely stood
And labored with loyal zeal.

By their loving word and their kindly deed,
They have grown to our hearts most dear,
Winning of praise our highest meed,
And our friendship most sincere.

And thus, together, we'll ever move on
Each true as the other's friend,
Till at last, when our earthly day is done,
We shall reach our journey's end.

GOING BACK FIFTY YEARS.

It is just fifty years—yes, fifty long years—
Since we ended our soldier career,
And said our good-bye to war's hardships and fears,
With our hearts filled with royal good cheer.
We had served in the Grand Union Army throughout
Three years of fierce conflict and strife,
And when the war closed with the foe put to rout,
We welcomed the time when we, once "mustered out,"
Could again live a quiet, peace life.

And so, after all these long years have passed by,
We go back to the day, in our thought,
When we were "discharged" and, in fond memory,
Share again in the joys which it brought.
Yes! It was a bright day and our hearts were made glad
When we knew that our war life was o'er—
That we were all freed from the dangers we'd had,
From the hardships and suff'rings that made our hearts sad,
And were safe with our home-friends once more.

How well we remember that glad, happy day
When, with war-trappings all laid aside,
We left army duties and hastened away
To our homes with a light, manly stride.

How great was our pleasure to know we were free,
To feel that no one's ruling hand
Would direct, in the future, our movements, but we
Would be our own masters and no more would be
Bound to serve at some other's command.

But when to the army we'd bade an adieu,
And stepped out into free life once more
A world, with some changes, appeared to our view,
With many surprises in store.
Many things were so diff'rent from what we had known
Before going from home-friends away;
Both brothers and sisters had much larger grown,
And fathers and mothers, while these sad years had flown,
Had become somewhat older, as all had to own,
With their locks often sprinkled with grey.

Yes—things, here and there, were a little bit strange
In the world we were now called to face,
And we felt, in adjusting ourselves to the charge,
That we needed a few weeks of grace.
Yet most that we found was quite largely the same
Whether inside or out of the home,
While, warmed by a kinder and holier flame,
The love of our home-friends more tenderly came
Than ever before it had come.

What a pleasure to see once again "the old home,"
To wander about here and there,
To note well-known objects and then freely roam,
As suited us best, everywhere.
While the presence of loved ones brought joy the most rare,
The kind looks which they gave full and free,
The bright, happy smiles with their welcoming air
And their love, rich and tender, beyond all compare,
Made us happy as mortals can be.

In the midst of this new life, with home-friends all near,
And with all the rich pleasures we had,
We forgot, for a time, all the years dark and drear
That made our lives gloomy and sad;
We forgot all the trials, the hardships, the care,
The bivouac, the march night or day,
The many sore duties, the poor, meager fare,
The picket, the skirmish, the battle's fierce glare
Where Death claimed the brave for its prey.

The changes were great from grim War's fearful state,
From the long years of Hell we'd passed through,
From the ills round us thrown and the dangers we'd known
And from hardships that came ever new,
To the quiet of peace with friends loving and kind
Who welcomed us home with delight,
And who faithfully labored in seeking to find
A something to cheer us and bring to our mind
What would render our home-coming bright.

But, with all that was cheering and happy and fair,
With all that brought so much of gain,
There came a sad feeling which all had to share,
And which gave us a sting of real pain.
For, during these years of fierce conflict and strife,
The warmest of friends we'd become,
And a brotherly feeling was everywhere rife
Which would make us warm comrades thru all future life,
Regardless of lot or of home.

And so when, at the last, we were called on to part,
A sadness, both deep and sincere,
Came to us unbidden and entered each heart,
Driving out much of gladness and cheer.
For how to these comrades good-bye could we say—
These comrades we often had met
Amid all the dangers of War's fearful fray,
And with whom we had "soldiered" for many a day—
Without feeling the sorest regret.

Hence today, when reviewing these long fifty years,
Our mem'ry brings fresh to our thought
Not only the gladness, but also the tears
Which, together, our home-coming brought—
We recall all the pleasure which came rich and true,
When we felt we were home to remain,
And also the sadness and heart-ache we knew
When we bade our war comrades a solemn adieu,
Knowing not what rough paths they'd be called to pursue,
Or if ever we'd see them again.

But where are they today? And what do we know
Of these men after all the years past?
Have their lives been made happy by pleasure's warm glow,
Or has sorrow their lives overcast?
The prompt answer comes: To them life has brought
Due measure of shade and of sun,
While some have gone forward and happily wrought
And have gained almost fully the pleasures they sought,
Some others few pleasures have won.

Some early and late have fought a stern Fate
That met them with cruelest frown
And, though doing their best whene'er put to the test,
They've been forced, with sad hearts, to go down.
While others have won a decided success
In their schemes and their plans day by day.
And have found, here and there, much to comfort and bless,
Having known very little of Life's storm and stress,
With kind Fate as a helper alway.

And so many thoughts will come fresh to our mind,
While reviewing these long fifty years,
Some bringing a pleasure that can't be defined,
And some bringing sadness and tears.
We know on that day when we said our good-bye,
And parted as friends true and rare,
We were all young and hearty while Life's future sky
Was all cloudless and bright and glad hope beat most high
In the breast of each one of us there.

But to-day only few of these comrades say "Here!"
As we call o'er the names we then knew,
And but few in the ranks any longer appear
When, as comrades, we "pass in review."
The many have gone and their presence no more
Shall we see ever with us again,
Being wearied of life and worn and foot-sore,
They have said their good-byes and "have gone on before,"
While only the few now remain.

But the few who remain! How unlike they have grown
To themselves fifty long years ago!
While, as year followed year more swift it has flown,
Their steps have grown more and more slow.
From youth strong and cheerful and hearts free from care,
And hope for a future all bright,
They have grown to be feeble and wrinkled and spare,
With weak and bent forms which no longer can bear
The burdens they once thought so light.

Yes! We few who remain are now feeble and old,
And have traveled a long, weary way,
While we know, for a truth, we're fast losing our hold
On the strength which all need in Life's fray.
But, while we're permitted to live here below
And partake of this earth's goodly fare,
We'll keep our hearts cheerful with hope's ruddy glow,
Believing that, some time, a future we'll know
With its joy that we ever may share.

THE SOLDIERS' WIDOW.

Yes! I lived here alone after he went away,
With our three little children so dear,
And I managed to live in that lone, quiet way
During all of his soldier career.
For my husband you know, joined the Army to fight
For his country and all its just laws,
And to do what he could for "Old Glory" and Right
In assisting the Nation whose arm of strong might
Was defending the grand Union cause.

It was trying and sad both for him and for me
When the time came for him to depart,
For the thought that his home he might nevermore see
Filled with sorrow both his and my heart.
The children were young and could not comprehend
What was meant by his going away,
But we, who knew well and yet could not mend
Our torn, bleeding hearts, besought some Power to lend
Its aid and its comfort and hurriedly send
Some messenger able to bring to an end
The heart-ache we felt on that day.

My husband, at first, scarcely knew what to do
About leaving the children and me,
But his country he loved and his brave heart and true
Was loyal to duty whate'er that might be.
So he asked me, one day, my opinion and then
We talked freely about what was best,
And I finally said, as the cause needed men,
He had better enlist for never again
Could he think, if he didn't, of "what might have been"
But to blush and his action detest.

'Twas a hard thing to say and my heart grew most sad
As I came to recall what I'd said,
But my words pleased my husband and made his heart glad
As at once from his action I read.
He felt it his duty to go, as I knew,
But held back for the children and me,
And when I assured him with words firm and true,
I could care for the children the short months and few
Until, with war closed, his home-coming was due,
He felt quite relieved, I could see.

How fondly we loved! and we lived in the light
Of each other's presence and thought,
And our lives were made richer and more and more bright
As together we counselled and wrought.
And then the dear children brought comfort and cheer
And waked in our hearts a new love,
While we all were most happy with never a fear
That anything evil would ever appear
And a foe to our happiness prove.

But the parting time came and with sadness of heart
The final good-byes were all said,
And, with tears falling thickly, I saw him depart,
Leaving me crushed with sorrow and dread.
How dark grew my life when I knew he was gone!
How cheerless and cold seemed our home
Where I, with the children, must live all alone
While listening ever to Sorrow's sad tone
As it came to my ears with a constant, wierd moan
Until back to his home he should come.

How I worried along through the few following days
I never could possibly tell,
For my life seemed so dark, with no bright cheering ray
The darkness to lift or dispel.
But the children came finally into my thought
And while thinking of them once again,
I saw, that by doing for them as I ought,
I was doing for him, and this roused me and brought
Some relief to my sorrow and pain.

And I then started forward a new life to live
To suppress my sad feelings—and so
The best that I had to our children to give
And thus help them a bright life to know.
With this work before me, I labored full well,
And oft through the dark came the light
To banish my pain and the sadness dispel
Which weighed down my heart as no mortal can tell,
And make life, for a time, somewhat bright.

There were many dark days the best I could do,
And the time dragged most heavily by,
While it seemed some days' duties I scarce could get through
No matter how hard I might try.

My husband's fond letters came frequent to cheer
And to help me life's burdens to bear.
For he filled them with love which was true and sincere
For the children and me and which made life less drear
As I struggled 'mid darkness and care.

Thus weeks came and went, and the months, till two years,
Had passed, all in quiet, away,
While I lived a lone life amid hopings and fears,
Finding little to brighten life's day.
Then a sad message came which brought deepest of woe
And filled me with bitterest pain,
As it told how my husband, while fighting the foe,
Had received a sad wound which at once laid him low,
And he ne'er would do duty again.

I wanted to go to his side right away
To help and to comfort and cheer
But duty demanded that here I must stay
And I knew that this duty was clear,
For one of our children was sick and in need
Of a mother's kind nursing and care,
Since its sickness was stubborn and paid little heed
To the Doctor's prescriptions; but with fiercest greed
Seemed resolved its young life not to spare.

How I managed to live through those days of sore pain—
—Those weeks of continuous Hell—
The torture of nerve, and of heart, and of brain—
I am wholly unable to tell.
With my husband sore wounded and far, far away
And likely to die any hour,
With our child sick at home and day after day
Losing slowly its life-giving power,
'Twas a wonder that I had the strength to do aught
Either inside the house or without,
To perform the plain duties the darksome days brought
Or the will-power to keep me about.

But I knew I was needed as never before
By the children who had only me
To look to for comfort, and help, and, though sore
And broken in heart, I could see
What Duty demanded and how I must heed
Stern Duty's demands and then try
To give help to the children and see they were freed
From all useless burdens and all their real need
Was met with the fullest supply.

As I recognized this I went right to my work
With a newness of purpose and zeal,
Resolved that no duty, if known, would I shirk,
No matter how bad I might feel.
But the most bitter grief I was now called to bear,
For there came a sad message which said
That in spite of the best and most faithful of care
And of every skilled effort his fond life to spare,
My true and brave husband was dead.

This message was more than my weak nerves could stand
As I read it with heart sad and sore,
And its contents deprived me of all self-command
And I sank in a faint to the floor.
It was some little time before I revived
And when I could think clear and bright
And came to know well of what I'd been deprived
It seemed, that about me, all things had contrived
To blacken my pathway and while I survived
Make me live in the darkest of night.

I lost all ambition and cared not to live—
No interest had here or there
In the home I'd so loved and hence ceased to give
Any thought to life's duties, or care—
My husband's remains, without any delay,
Arrived at our home and were laid
Away in the grave-yard one sad, solemn day,
While I went about in a dazed sort of way,
Half-crazed with my grief and with little to say
To aught that was done or was said.

For many a day I lived this sad life,
Facing darkness within and without,
While the great world around, with its bustle and strife,
Seemed forgetful that I was about.
But a change came one day, when my sick child, so dear,
Said to me in a voice clear and strong:
"I'll soon be well, mama, so have no more fear;
For I'll take papa's place and be ever near
To cheer you and help you along."

This saying aroused me to critical thought
And led me to ask what I meant
By thus wasting my life and bringing to naught
What could be so usefully spent?
And, while thinking these thoughts, I looked all around
To learn what stern Duty said do,

And, with little of effort, I readily found
That the children and self I was morally bound
To help to a life bright and true.

So I started to work and a swift change I wrought
In our life within doors and without;
For sunshine, and cheer and much good I soon brought
To the children and all round about.
I could not forget my dead husband, so dear,
And I grieved my great loss with sore heart.
But I labored to check both the sigh and the tear
And to cause selfish feelings to all disappear
By doing Love's duty to all far and near
And by bearing, in Life's work, my part.

I was helped in this work—greatly helped when I knew
That a change for the better had come
In the lives of the children—that there quickly grew
A new brightness and cheer in our home—
But the greatest of help I derived from the thought
That my husband would want me to do
Just as I was doing and would not say aught
To discourage such good work and true.
He would want me, I felt, to be cheerful and bright
And to plan for the children alway,
To fill their lives and mine with all the delight
That I possibly could and then put to swift flight
Every cloud that would darken our day.

And thus I kept living for year after year,
Growing stronger in conquering self,
While the children, all happy, grew more and more dear
And their love brought me richest of wealth.
They are grown to full manhood and womanhood now
And are near me to help and sustain,
While they labor to drive every cloud from my brow
And so well they succeed that they manage somehow
My mind and my heart with such strength to endow
That I'm able to stand by my old taken vow,
And to drive away most of my pain.

Thus my life, for the most part, is happy and bright,
Though a dark hour will come now and then,
And I'm thankful for all of the comfort and light
That I had in the years that have been.
I recall our Great War with the suffering and pain
Endured by the loyal and brave

In the army and out, and the long, cruel reign
Of Passion and Hell while our braves fought to gain
A victory such as would bring Peace again
And the Union forever would save.

But throughout all the years since the close of the War,
While the Fates have been ususally kind,
The thought of my husband and what he died for
Has rarely been out of my mind.
I sacrificed much when that brave hero died—
—Few can know what a great sacrifice—
And, while I rejoice that he had loyal pride
To stand by the Union and die for't beside,
I feel I should value the Union more high
Because for its sake he was ready to die
And to pay for it such a great price.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

[Read at its Dedication.]

Proud monument stand, whatsoever betide,
'Neath a sky ever sunny and bright,
We dedicate thee, under stern Duty's guide,
To Freedom and Union and Right.

We dedicate thee to the patriots brave
Who went from our homes to uphold
The Banner of Freedom—the Union to save—
By valor that cannot be told.

We hail thee! the work of our own tardy hands,
For years most unkindly delayed—
May the time never come while the solid earth stands,
When thy glory shall wither or fade.

All down coming ages, forever and aye,
Mayst thou stand both in storm and in sun,
Speaking ever the praises, as we speak today,
Of those who fought treason and won.

May the dews, dropping on thee from Heaven above,
Bring blessings most plentiful down;
May each raindrop that falls, fall only in love,
A gem for each soldier's bright crown.

May the breeze, after pausing a moment to play
Round thy form to our soldiers upraised,
Fly hence to the grave of each soldier and say
That his name is still honored and praised.

May the rays of the sun as they kiss thy cold face,
Haste swiftly to heaven away
And bear to our soldiers in that blessed place
The record of this sacred day.

And thus may our soldiers be honored as long
As thine own granite columns shall stand,
And in honoring them may our people grow strong
In their love for this proud Union land.

Thus ever may valor and loyalty reign,
And all treason be crushed by their might,
Our people stand firmly and ever maintain,
Their Freedom and Union and Right.

The monument which I desire,
When I pass to my home in the sky,
Is not any marble's proud shaft,
To tell where my ashes may lie,
But erected in human hearts,
A shaft that will truthfully say:
"He was true to himself first and last,
And stood for the Right alway."

OTHER VERSE

OUR DEAD POET.

The charnel-house is filling fast,
Its portals day by day
Are closing o'er the loved who've passed
From earth and us away.
We mourn them all where'er they stood,
But most we mourn the kind and good.

And one is gone! A Nation's pride
Now sleepeth with the dead;
The battle's armor laid aside
And with the heavy tread
Of life's long march, weary and tried,
He laid him down and calmly died.

The kind are honored, and should they
The only honored be,
Should we our thanks and homage pay,
Alone to those we see
Do loving deeds through all their days,
How heartfelt now should be our praise.

The good are wept o'er and the brave,
The true, the pure of heart,
Are all lamented when the grave
Has claimed the mortal part,
And now, if those alone we weep,
How true should be our grief and deep.

And we do weep, the Nation weeps
For one it loved so well;
It honors him whose body sleeps
Low in its narrow cell,
But whose bright fame diffused so wide
The grave can never dim or hide.

If there is one of human form,
We admire above the rest,
'Tis he on whom the angry storm
Of life has rudely pressed,
But who, with firm and steady will,
Against the storm pressed onward still.

If there is one deserves our praise
Above the mighty crowd,
'Tis he who's struggled many days
In poverty and cloud,
But who, 'gainst opposition's frown,
At length found honor and renown.

And such was he who, left alone
With naught but mind and pen,
Entered the field wherein had grown
Hundreds of giant men,
And here he toiled from day to day,
Till he had grown as great as they.

'Twas not mere accident that made
His name as widely known,
Misfortune would his steps have stayed,
And crushed him basely down,
The wreath of fame he ne'er had worn,
Had he no toil or labor borne.

Renown is but a worthless thing,
When bought with human gore,
Though gained by emperor or king,
'Tis worthless evermore,
But 'tis at once a noble prize
When bought with honest energies.

The politician with base art,
The trickster by vile schemes
May gain, of fame's applause, a part
The acme of his dreams,
But such applause is vile and stained
Compared with that by virtue gained.

Thanks for the lesson of thy life,
Our Nation's honored sage!
'Twill teach us in the world's fierce strife
With firmness to engage,
And that the noblest, truest fame
Is that acquired in honor's name.

America is proud of thee,
Proud of what thou hast done,
Her sons, encouraged as they see
How bright thy glory's sun,
Will tread with firmer step the road
That leads to honor's fair abode.

Then sweetly sleep! The grave has claimed
Only what must decay,
Thy many works, both great and famed,
Can never pass away,
And while we scatter thy grave with flowers,
We joy that these are forever ours.

HOW TO LIVE.

How shall I live?
This thought came to me, vexed with doubt and fears,
With many calls to heed and ways to run,
With much to do and much to leave undone.
How shall I act amid life's cares and tears?
How fill with good the ever busy years
And leave each common duty nobly done?
How round my life with kindly word and deed
And prove a blessing to a world in need—
How shall I live?

Live manfully—with purpose high and strong.
All childish things the man should put away;
Should school himself to earnest thought and care;
Should learn, with lofty aim, to do and dare;
Should, with his childhood, leave his childhood play,
While struggling bravely upward day by day,
Resolved with trifling things to have no share.
Great issues call for noble deeds and grand,
And manly men are ever in demand—
Live manfully and help to crush the wrong.

Live helpfully—in loving brotherhood.
This world is full of tears and agony—
Where'er we turn are hearts bowed down with woe,
And souls whose deepest grief we ne'er can know.
Duty says: "Search these out and kindly try
To help and comfort—not pass coldly by,
And leave them, lone, their weary way to go."

If each for others had a proper care,
How light would be the burdens mankind bear—
Live helpfully and be a power for good.

Live with high aim and with a brave, firm will.
The times need men with brain and courage strong,
With high resolve to battle for the Right,
With iron nerve to lead the fiercest fight,
And win great things for truth, and 'midst the throng
Of ill, with giant blows, strike down the wrong,
Conquering its champions with an arm of might—
Each worthy cause into fresh life will start
When noble aims shall quicken every heart—
Live with high aim, life's duties to fulfill.

Live actively, with ready heart and hand.
Idlers aren't wanted in life's busy crowd—
Many great works are yet to be begun,
Great truths to push and conquests to be won;
And these need men, with energy endowed,
To lend a helping hand and cry aloud
To all around: "Here's work that must be done."
Let idlers rouse with earnest heart and strong,
And soon will Right prove victor over Wrong—
Live actively at Duty's firm command.

Live nobly free, with high and lofty thought.
Man was not made to grovel in the dust,
But made to walk erect, with purpose high
To plan and carve a noble destiny;
And he lives best who's not a slave to lust,
Or greed, or base desire, or any gust
Of evil passion that his soul may try—
The honest man, with manly self-control—
Allows no passion to enslave his soul.
Live, never to be shackled or be bought.

Live with a generous and loving heart.
There's giving which enriches him that gives,
There's keeping which brings only poverty—
Greater than faith or hope is charity;
And he a sorry half-life only lives,
Who thinks alone of that which he receives,
And makes his gold his only deity—
The niggard soul, whose only thought is self,
Is poor indeed, though rolling in its wealth—
Live—aid and comfort ever to impart.

Live trustingly, with kindly, brother love.
'Tis faith men need, and not a mean distrust;
Firm faith in both their neighbors and the Right—
Suspicion leads to hate, and hate's base might
Whips straight to Hell—the honest man, and just
Will drive suspicion from him in disgust,
Trusting his fellows and, with heart of light,
Believing that, if fully understood,
In every soul there is somewhat of good.
Live, hoping all some good in them will prove.

Live without envy, jealousy or hate,
This life's struggle; wheresoe'er we be
Eager and pushing mortals hem us in,
All rushing on ambition's prize to win,
While, in the rush and hurry, often we
Are left behind, in sorest misery,
To nurse, as best we can, our deep chagrin.
But envy not the ones who gain the prize,
For oft it serves to swell one's miseries.
Live to make human burdens small, not great

Live happy ever 'mid life's storm and stress.
Life's shade and sunshine come to all so free
That largely we can walk in either as we will;
But better 'tis to let the sun distill
Its light and warmth along our path and be
A joy and blessing to us constantly.
Complaint makes sunshine shadow and will kill
The brightest flowers of pleasure that would bring
To human hearts their glad, sweet offering—
Live, seeking ever to be blest and bless.

Live, never thinking wholly of thyself.
Nothing so dwarfs the soul as selfishness.
Who live for self alone are poor indeed,
And poorer grow for that whereon they feed,
But they who live for others and would bless
All whom they can with kindly helpfulness,
Will grow in true and manly strength and speed,
To noble manhood, and will ever be
A pattern fair of true nobility.
Live, knowing brother love is richest wealth.

How shall I live?

O! Thou great God, omnipotent and high,
From the beginning Thou dost see the end!
Thou art the source of light, and Thou canst send

Light unto whom Thou wilt. Hear Thou my cry,
I humbly pray—Illume my mental eye,
That I may see aright and comprehend
The meaning of my life, and thus may know
How best to shape my acts where'er I go—
How best to live.

OUR ANSWERED PRAYER.

A dread disease was gnawing at her heart;
Her lips were parched, and fevered was her brain;
And, as the fire sped to each vital part,
We spake our fears and whispered in our pain:
"Lord! save our child!"

Seven summers had her presence blessed our home;
Seven winters her sweet life to us been given;
We could not let her go, though 'twere to roam
With holy angels—so we cried to Heaven:
"Lord! save our child!"

Her smile was gladness, and her presence joy;
Her voice was music, and her laughter song—
And must she die? "O, God, who canst destroy,
Thou, too, canst heal! Hence we our prayer prolong:
"Lord! save our child!"

She was so sweet and loving, fair and bright,
So purely fit for angels' company,
We could not fail to love and take delight
In her young life. Hence we prayed fervently:
"Lord! save our child!"

For many days we watched and wept and prayed,
And sought to heal with many studied arts;
But still the fever raged, nor could be stayed
Its step toward death; while rose from our sore hearts:
"Lord! save our child!"

Yet deeper grew our grief with deeper fear;
How could we give our little darling up!
The thought was bitter, making more sincere
And deep our prayer: "Father, remove the cup
And save our child!"

The answer came—just at the close of day,
When listening souls can hear a spirit's tread,
An angel came and kissed her life away,
And took her home e'en while we sadly plead:
"Lord! save our child!"

The answer came, but not as we besought—
To keep our loved one in our fond embrace—
But in the kindness of a Father's thought,
And in the richness of a Father's grace,
God saved our child!

Saved from a life of sorrow-ladened years,
Saved in Heaven's home with bliss beyond compare,
With this blest thought, e'en through our blinding tears
We can look up and thank a Father's care
That saved our child!

And though our hearts are very sad and sore
Because God seemed to set our prayer at naught,
Yet we shall learn, when on the other shore,
He did much better than we asked or thought—
He saved our child!

TO MY WIFE.

When absent from thee I am lonely indeed,
And the hours and the moments drag wearily by;
In whatever I do, or wherever I speed,
My thoughts turn to thee with a pain and a sigh.
I miss thee at morning, at noon and at night,
And I long for the time when thy face I shall see;
No joy can so fill up its cup of delight
As to make me forget that I'm absent from thee.

The glow of the morn, with the sun shining clear,
The quiet of eve with the stars beaming bright,
Only waken my heart to a half-life of cheer,
And my pulse to a thrill of half-perfect delight.
The strains of rich music, so sweet to my heart,
The voices of friends, ever near me each day,
Come laden with joy, but they only impart
A half-joy to me, because thou art away.

In the stillness of night, when old visions will start
Into newness of life, roused by thought's quickened will,
When dreams, long since faded, by some mystic art
Rise up once again my fond fancy to fill;
When mem'ry lives over the days now no more,
And the blessings recounts which have come to my share,
No blessing I number in all the rich store
With the blessing thou'st brought me at all can compare.

'Tis strange how our lives have together been blended,
How two souls into one soul have gradually grown,
Till the one by the other must e'er be attended,
Or life's brightest day leaves us restless and lone.
The cup may o'erflow with its mixture of sweetness,
The goblet be filled with the richest of wine,
But to gather from either its perfect completeness,
We must share, both together, its richness divine.

No wealth equals that of a true, loving friend,
Affection brings joy all others above,
And that man is blest who, to life's latest end,
Possesses one woman's unwavering love.
Such love I have found both to comfort and cheer,
Such love I have had to make brighter my life;
And it's brought me sweet bliss and checked many a tear
As it flowed from the heart of my dear, loving wife.

THE TWO HOUSES.

[It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.—Eccl. 7-2.]

I went to the house of feasting,
Where joy held unbounded sway—
Where never a note of sadness
Was heard either night or day.
Joy greeted me at the threshold
And eagerly grasped my hand,
And bade me a hearty welcome
To his palace rich and grand.

He led me through hall and parlor,
Adorned with the utmost care,
And showed me the richness and beauty
Of all he had gathered there;
He seated me at the banquet
In state, at his own right hand,

Where the rich, gay seekers of pleasure
Were feasting at his command.

I ate of the costly viands,
I drank with the joyous throng,
I shared in the mirth and gladness,
And joined in the noisy song.
With story, and laughter, and feasting
Many long hours went by,
While from the goblet of pleasure
None drank more deeply than I.

Then week into week succeeded,
And month followed month along;
And each day I sought this palace
To share in its revel and song.
I said I will see if feasting
And pleasure can satisfy
A soul which has boundless longings
And yearnings to gratify.

And so I drank deeper and deeper,
Each day from Joy's brimming bowl,
Thus hoping to find a something,
That would satisfy the soul.
So the days sped hurriedly onward,
And the nights rushed swiftly by,
And left me still wanting a something
That feasting could not supply.

I went to the house of mourning,
Where grief held unbounded sway,
Where never a sound of laughter,
Was heard either night or day.
Grief sat at the open doorway,
And coldly my person scanned,
Then silently bade me enter,
With a wave of her wasted hand.

In silence and unattended,
Through room after room I went,
While my heart grew sad at the emblems
Of sorrow and discontent,
Which crowded each nook and corner
And were hanging on every wall,
While Gloom, as a speechless sentry,
Paced ever through parlor and hall.

And on every side were mourners,
Sad-faced and sorry of heart,
Some walking about in silence,
Some sitting alone and apart,
Some wringing their hands in anguish,
Some beating their breasts in pain,
Some venting their grief in wailing,
Some shedding their tears like rain.

And I said: Is there none to comfort
These hearts so weary and sad?
No one to speak words consoling,
That will make them cheerful and glad?
Are there none to heal the wounded,
Bring joy to the broken of heart,
Or offer some word of kindness,
That will cheer with its magic art?

Then I went to the weary mourner
And I spoke a word of cheer,
And from eyes, all red with weeping,
I wiped away the tear,
And I took the hand of the sad one
Sitting alone and apart,
And the balm of consolation
Poured into his wounded heart.

'Twas but little that I attempted,
Yet the look, less full of pain,
Or the hand with its gentle pressure,
Told me it was not in vain.
And a feeling of sweetest pleasure,
Such as I had never known,
Filled my heart to its utmost measure,
And abode with me, all my own.

For out of self I was lifted,
For others had been my thought,
And I felt I was nobler, better,
For the good that I had wrought.
And I left the house with the feeling
That 'tis better to help along,
The sad in the house of mourning,
Than to feast with the riotous throng.

THE COMING YEARS.

As we journey onward
O'er life's rugged way,
Let us greet with courage
Every coming day,
Cheerful in our welcome,
Hearts attuned to joy,
Seeking some new pleasure
In some new employ.

Each should toward the future
Look forevermore,
Trusting that of blessing
It has richest store,
Hoping that in sunshine
And in joys that last
It may be far richer
Than has been the past.

True, the days yet coming,
Like the days gone by,
Will have joy and sorrow
Mingled constantly.
Hopes will oft be blighted,
Sadness cloud our way,
When we look for gladness
And a perfect day.

But 'tis life's great lesson
Which we all should learn,
Who makes others happy
Happy'll be in turn;
And the good we're seeking,
And the joys we woo
Spring from joys we scatter,
And the good we do.

So we should remember,
As we journey on,
There are deeds of kindness
Ever to be done,
Some poor, weary brother,
Struggling in life's fray
Needs some hand to help him
On his tiresome way.

You may have light burdens,
His may heavy be;
Help him in his struggle
As his need you see,
Cheer him with your kindness,
Comfort when you can,
Ever see a brother
In your fellow man.

Thus will sunshine brighter
On your pathway glow,
Thus will joy attend you
Wheresoe'er you go.
Thus your heart will gather
Much of goodly cheer,
While making others happy,
In their sad career.

So with love and kindness,
True to all that's right,
Make your life the brighter
By making others bright.
Scatter rays of sunshine,
Dry the mourner's tears,
And thus fill up the measure,
Of the coming years.

THE OLD YEAR.

Yes! the old year is dead! Time has rapidly passed.
Since with "Happy New Year" he greeted us last.
His step has been noiseless, yet fearful and strange,
Are the marks he has left us of sorrow and change;
And we see as our daily round we tread,
And recall the moments forever fled,
How many have passed from their homes below,
That we met in our rounds but a year ago.

Oh Time! how relentless! Thy conquests are made
With regard to no person, condition or grade.
Thou workest thy changes, unheeding man's fears,
Despising his sorrows, unmoved by his tears.
Thy heart ne'er repents, and thy hand never spares
For humanity's wishes, entreaties or prayers,
The proud and the humble, the sad and the gay,
The lord and his vassal, all bow to thy sway.

Proud Wealth has no power to stay thy stern hand,
E'en princes must yield to thy cruel command,
And before thy keen scythe "that cuts down all,"
The rich and the poor, both alike must fall.

Thy finger writes lines on the loveliest brow,
And the darkest of locks thou dost whiten to snow,
Thou smitest old age in thy savage glee,
And youth yields its beauty up unto thee,
The helpless, the weak, the oppressed with care,
Whom 'tis ever noble and manly to spare,
Ne'er gain from thee in their deep distress
A word or a look of tenderness.

The dearest idols, the treasures rare,
Which humanity watches with tenderest care;
The fondest hopes and the brightest dreams,
Which lighten life's darkness with golden beams,
Without a tear or regretful sigh,
Thou sweepest away as thou rushest by.
Thy pestilent breath leaves a deadly blight
On all earth holds that is fair and bright;
E'en man in his strength and nobility
Is only a victim unto thee;
And the proudest work his hand can raise
At thy touch crumbles and decays.

How rapid and fleet Time's movements are,
How mighty his changes, no tongue can declare.
The year that has passed us so swiftly by,
Hurrying away to eternity,
Bears a wonderful record upon its wings
Of change and decay among earthly things.
It has seen sad sights, this same old year.
It has witnessed strange scenes 'mong us mortals here.
It has noted bright joys and heart-felt sighs,
And watched tears gather in joyful eyes,
It has seen high hopes and golden dreams,
The dearest plans and most cherished schemes,
The treasures and idols of beauty and light,
All crushed, and broken, and swept from our sight.

It has listened to promises sacredly made,
And has seen those promises lightly betrayed.
It has heard the sighs of the suffering poor,
As they turned, unfed, from the rich man's door.
Both hearts of sorrow and hearts of light
Have been open laid to its piercing sight,
And the monarch's laugh and the beggar's cry

Fell alike on its ear as it hurried by.
It has stood beside the dying bed,
It has seen the tears by loved ones shed,
And when the icy touch of death
Has hushed forever the last faint breath,
It has witnessed how deep the agony
Affection feels when its loved ones die.

Yes, hearts have been crushed and graves have been made,
Friendships been broken, and hopes have decayed,
Loved ones have parted with all they held dear,
Since last we greeted "The Happy New Year."

But the old year has passed with its sorrows away,
'Twix the old and the new we are standing to-day.
And we look o'er the past with a searching eye,
And recall the days gone so swiftly by.
We think of their sunshine and also their shade,
And recount the changes their passing has made.
The sorrow and joy, the smile and the tear,
At memory's summons before us appear;
But we turn from them all with no idle regret,
Resolved all their sorrows and tears to forget,
And over the grave of the buried year,
We heave no sigh and we shed no tear,
For we look to a future all cloudless and bright,
Which fancy makes gorgeous with beauty and light,
While hope crowns its moments with happiness rare,
Unmingled with sorrow, unladened with care.

Yes, bright in the future we hope we may tread!
And cloudless the sky that is over us spread.
And gentle the gales and balmy the air,
That are pictured by Fancy, awaiting us there.
And may such a future to all come to bless,
To banish all sorrow, relieve all distress—
And bring them a joy that's inspiring and true,
And will brighten and bless all this earthly life through.
But know, if such future shall ever be theirs,
It will come for their work to relieve human cares,
For planning correctly, for living aright,
For doing their best to make other lives bright,
And believing that he, in the future, will be
The most happy whose acts, ever noble and free,
Are crowned, day by day, with a true brother love,
Seeking ever the warmth of its feeling to prove

THE NEW YEAR.

Last night at midnight, a gallant new comer
Stepped in among us to stay for a while,
Silent he came like a zephyr of summer,
Silent, but greeting us all with a smile.
Long we had looked for him, waiting his coming,
Trusting his presence would bring us good cheer,
Happy in hoping, and glad in up-summing
The good that "would come" with the "Happy New Year."

Yes, the New Year has come, and we welcome his coming
With music and dancing, with gladness and mirth,
And the millions send up a glad shout of rejoicing
Whose loud-sounding echoes encircle the earth.
We hail him with gladness, for hope speaks, as ever
Of blessings and bounties his hand will provide,
And we look to the days he will bring us with never
A fear that our wants will go unsupplied.

In our welcome to-day, though, right well we remember
The one who came to us but twelve months ago;
Ah! how gladly we turned from the cold bleak December
Our greeting of pleasure and joy to bestow.
He came richest blessings and bounties to proffer—
He came with sweet smiles and with promises fair;
We looked at the gifts which his hand had to offer
And thought them all beautiful, gorgeous and rare.

Ah! how little we dreamed when we gave him our greeting
And thought of the gifts that he had to bestow,
That his promises fair would prove idle and fleeting —
That our hopes would be lost in the sadness of woe.
But thus has it been. The hopes that we cherished,
The visions that cheered us with images bright,
Have oft been delusive, or suddenly perished,
Leaving our hearts in the darkness of night.

Today we look back o'er the year that has ended,
And see, scattered thickly along our rough way,
Hopes, dreams, plans and visions, all mournfully blended
In the wildest of wrecks that e'er saddened life's day.
There are lovely ideals we longed to make ours,
There are friendships we thought would grow stronger with years,
There are beautiful idols and fairest of flowers,
All gone—leaving nothing but mem'ry and tears.

And thus, smiling New Year, thou too wilt deceive us,
Thy promises fair will prove idle and vain;
The hope that now gladdens, once crushed, will but grieve us,
And leave us to struggle in sorrow and pain.
Today the great future looks joyous and cheerful,
And the days coming on promise naught but is fair;
To-morrow may gather clouds threatening and fearful,
And the joy of our hearts be o'ershadowed with care.

But why look to the future simply to borrow
A pain that perchance does not wait for us there?
Why picture a cloud on the coming to-morrow,
When the morrow may be all that's lovely and fair?
If there's sunshine to-day, let us walk in its brightness,
Not chill its glad warmth with some fanciful ill;
If there's cloud, let us hope, while we sit in its darkness,
That a cloudless to-morrow may dawn on us still.

The pathway we tread may be rough and uneven,
And briars and thorns may hedge in our dark way;
'Tis enough if, while trustingly looking to Heaven,
We bravely march on to the work of each day.
We can picture a future whose ills will appall us,
A path all uncheered by the rays of the sun;
But 'tis best to take only the ills that befall us
Each day, and thus deal with them one after one.

Yes, the present has duties and cares for us ever,
A load we must carry with joy or with pain,
To meet them with courage and manly endeavor,
Demands our best powers of heart and of brain.
The soul that is true to a noble ideal
Will look to the future for something to cheer,
And will cull from the past the good and the real—
A something to comfort and banish all fear.

'Tis better for all to be true now and ever
To the task and the duty that lie in our way,
Remembering that only through faith and endeavor
We grow to be stronger and nobler each day.
Thus manfully filling life's full-rounded hours—
No sigh for the past, for the future no fear—
We shall find, all about us, the sunshine and flowers.
And welcome with gladness each coming New Year.

THE FUTURE.

Yes, the New Year is here,
And glad to-day
We turn away
From the cruel Old Year
With its burden of care
And its tales of woe,
Its wails of despair
And its heads bowed low,
Its sighing, and grief,
And its anxious fear,
And, with hope of relief,
We welcome the glad New Year.

Ah! hope is ever cheerful,
The future always bright,
And when the eye is tearful
And we scarce can see the light,
We turn to the to-morrow,
Hoping there to find
Some surcease from our sorrow,
Or some comfort we may borrow
To ease our burdened mind;
And, e'en while we are dreaming
That, perchance, a brighter day,
With joy and gladness beaming
May dawn upon our way,
Hope lifts the blackened curtain
From before our saddened eyes,
And reveals a future, certain
With fair and cheerful skies;
And their bright prospective shining
Lights the darkness overhead,
Till we see the silver lining
To the clouds above us spread.

Yes, the future looks bright
And its warm, golden light
Throws a cheerful halo around,
And its glamour is far more delightful, we ween,
Than aught that the world has ever seen,
Or aught we have ever found.

But our life in the ever changeful past
Should have taught us this lesson true,
That future skies will be overcast
With clouds of darkest hue,

That life yet to come, like that of the past,
Will be mingled with sunshine and shade,
And that no earthly joy will forever last,
No brightness but sometime will fade.

But e'en in the darkness we need not be sad,
Nor lose heart when our pathway grows rough,
To the one, who would always be cheerful and glad,
There will always come helpers enough.
There is pleasure enough for everyone
As he travels life's journey along,
And all may walk in the light of the sun
And thus be cheerful and strong.

It was never designed by the Father above
That our lives should be cheerless and sad,
But He wishes, with fatherly kindness and love,
That all should be happy and glad;
And blessings, abundant for one and for all,
Are ever his rich bequest,
And he bids us, whatever in life befall,
To partake, and be happy and blest.

Yes, it is true our earthly life
Will be with joy or sorrow rife
According as we will,
If virtue's stamp be on the soul,
And Charity our acts control,
Something to comfort and console
We'll find in every ill.

In the soul are ever singing
Sweet soul-voices day by day,
Lessons rich and wise they're bringing;
Listen close to what they say:

"Mortal, on life's rugged pathway,
Be ye brave, and true, and kind,
Choose the right, the good, the noble,
Ever leave the wrong behind.
Be not idle—be in earnest,
Soon will pass life's fleeting day,
Act! act nobly while 'tis passing,
Do not dream it all away."

"There is work enough about you
For the hand, the head, the heart.
Scorn it not; 't'will make you nobler
If you bravely bear your part.

All along life's rugged wayside,
Spirits crushed and bowed you'll find;
Would you change their cloud to sunshine?
Then be gentle, loving, kind."

"There are many ways to gladden
Hearts, surcharged with care and pain,
But a word or smile in kindness
Brings them life and cheer again.
Then for God and those around you
Nobly do and faithful be.
Knowing, in the work of mercy,
That the world has need of thee."

And thus, let us list to these voices alway,
Let us practice in thought and in act what they say,
Let us e'er to our own better natures be true,
And the good, and the right, and the noble pursue,
And thus in the sunshine we'll walk day by day,
And gladness and joy will illumine our way;
For the past no regrets, for the future no fear,
We can welcome with pleasure each coming New Year.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Now, listen, my friends, as we jog along,
While I sing you my unpretentious song,
About the Old Year, and the New Year too,
What the one has done and the other will do.
I watched last night and saw the Old Year
Take his last farewell of this mundane sphere,
And I saw the New Year, with flurry and din,
And with great parade, come rushing in.
They told me the Old Year was gruff and sad,
Disgruntled at finding the world so bad;
That his face was wrinkled, his locks were grey,
His form bent low in a feeble way;
That his step was slow and his eye was dim,
And I should feel sad as I looked at him.
But, pshaw! they did not tell me true,
For a chap more hearty I never knew,
With a splendid form, as fat and round
As any old man that I ever found.
He didn't go hobbling and limping along,
But walked erect, and was hearty and strong.
He knew, of course, that he had to go

And leave his friends "in this vale of woe,"
But he met his fate like a manly man,
Who had fought a good fight on an honest plan—
Who had done his duty as best he could,
And for right 'gainst the wrong had bravely stood.
So he said to his friends as he went his way:
"I have lived twelve months, and have had my day;
For me life's sun is well nigh set,
But I leave you all without regret.
So don't feel bad as you say good-bye,
But drive the tear from your weeping eye,
And turn to the future with hearty cheer
And welcome, with gladness, the bright New Year.
Be brave for the days that must come and go,
Stand firm for the right against every foe,
And may you all in the New Year's reign
Have plenty of pleasure and little of pain."

As the Old Year went, the New Year came.
And he was a dandy, all the same,
With head erect, brow free from care,
As jolly a chap as you'll find anywhere.
He was rigged all out in the best of clothes,
But just where he got them nobody knows,
And his whole get-up was most complete,
While he looked a king from head to feet,
And he seemed as pleased as the chaps who ride
With their own best girl down the toboggan slide.
And while I gazed at his wonderful phiz,
At his clear bright eye, and that brow of his,
He shouted aloud: "Oh! what's the use
Of sitting there, eating your last year's goose?
Dont you see I am here—the glad New Year—
And I want you to greet me with hearty cheer;
Ring out the bells, and sing and shout,
For I am here, and you need not doubt
When I promise you all, while my day shall run,
For a full twelve months just lots of fun."

And thus from the old as well as the new
I gathered this lesson both wise and true:
"Look to the future, and not to the past;
Live noble lives while your day shall last;
Waste not your time in vain regret;
Gather the pleasures before you set;
Life is before you, and not behind;
Turn to its duties with cheerful mind;
Be true to the Right, and with courage strong
Deal heavy blows 'gainst the false and Wrong;
That life with peace and joy is crowned
In which good deeds alone are found."

THE WILLOW AND DEW-DROP.

Where the sea's rough, foaming billow
Breaks itself upon the shore,
Stood for years a stately willow,
All alone, and nothing more.
Flowers had often bloomed and faded
In the valley, on the hill,
Men were born, grew old and jaded,
But this willow stood there still.

When the thunder's chariot rattled
In the heavens so fearfully,
And the winds and waters battled
Stoutly for the mastery,
This tree bowed its head till ended
Was the anger of the storm,
Then, with pride and joy attended,
Would lift up its stately form.

But Old Time, who never spareth
Aught that's lovely, bright, or gay,
But with hand, unsparing, teareth
Beauty from all forms away.
Speeding on o'er land and billow,
Conquering ever more and more,
Left, at length upon the willow
Marks of his displeasure sore.

As the sunbeams came one morning,
Dancing lightly o'er the sea,
Nature's face with smiles adorning,
Brightening hill-top, grove and lea.
They resolved to stop, as ever,
'Mong the willow boughs to play,
But they wondered much, for never
Had they seen it as that day.

There it stood, but half so lovely
It had never been before;
Scores of gems, clear, bright and pearly,
Every little leaflet bore.
And it seemed while men were sleeping,
Freed alike from joys or fears,
"Night's fair watchers" had been weeping
And these leaves had caught their tears.
And each tiny drop reflected
Hues of rich and beauteous shade,

Which the sunbeams quick detected,
As among the boughs they played.

But the hours passed swiftly, swiftly,
Higher, higher rose the sun,
While the dew-drops vanished quickly
All of them excepting one.
One was left alone, unfriended,
Save by that old willow tree,
From a trembling leaf suspended
O'er the rough and swelling sea.
And as there it hung, lamenting,
All its bright companions fled,
On its own frail powers commenting,
Thus the little dew-drop said:

"All alone! So weak and worthless!
Of what use can I e'er be?
Here I am, but frail and useless—
Nothing's profited by me.
On this leaf I made my pillow,
But I soon must pass away,
And the raging, foaming billow
Will receive me as its prey.

"If I fall, I fall to perish
'Mid a mass of waters wild,
Which will never deign to cherish,
Or regard the cloudlet's child.
The great sea, so wide and boundless,
Will roll on forever free.
Till its waves grow still and soundless,
Yet 'twill never notice me.

"Worthless! Should annihilation
End my being here to-day,
Naught that's in the whole creation
E'er would know I'd passed away.
O! why was I thus created—
For no purpose—to no end—
Doing nothing! Thus I'm fated
All the hours of life to spend.

"Did I but possess the power
Of this stately willow tree,
As it's useful every hour,
I would strive alike to be.

Many times and oft, with vigor
Hath it battled with the storm,
While the storm and tempest's rigor
Only served to swell its form.

"With its branches wide extended
O'er the flowers that grow beneath,
Their frail forms it has defended
From the frost-king's angry breath.
Here the song-bird paused and cheerly
To the breeze her matins flung,
And among its boughs securely
Built her nest and reared her young.

"On its leaves the dew-drop, weary
With its journey through the sky,
And night's darkness sad and dreary,
Oft hath laid it down to die,
When the sunbeams, coming brightly,
With the tender leaves to play,
Moved with pity, sweetly, kindly
Kissed the little drop away.

"O! there's granted many a blessing
To this stately willow tree,
It will die, respect possessing
For its great utility.
But for me—I soon must perish,
Fall into the angry tide,
Yet my mem'ry none will cherish,
None will know I've lived and died."

Thus it spake, and having ended,
Thus the willow tree replied:
"Little friend, be not dejected,
Cast complaining thoughts aside.
Art thou weak? There's nothing worthless
In the earth, or air, or sea;
Earnest effort can't be fruitless,
Though the actor weak may be.
Art thou small? The mighty ocean,
Now, so calm—so fearful now—
Rolling on in wild commotion,
Is composed of such as thou.

"Think'st thou not the little flower,
And the blade of grass would die,
If the drops which make the shower
Each should tarry in the sky?

Think'st thou earth would look so lovely,
Nature bloom so fresh and gay,
If each little sunbeam idly
In its distant home should stay?
No—there's naught so weak and feeble
But can something do or bear,
Naught created but is able
Help to render here or there.

"Is thy lot among the lowly?
Seek their good and be content;
Never think unnoticed wholly
Can a helpful life be spent.
Know there's naught so unimportant
In the universe abroad,
But is watched and guarded constant
By the great, all-seeing God."

Longer had thy aged willow
Spoken in this chiding strain,
But the drop had gone! The billow
Had received its own again.
It had fall'n, expecting only
To be lost 'mid foam and spray,
But an oyster seized it quickly,
Swallowed it, and went his way.

Years rolled by! The little dew-drop
To a costly pearl had grown,
And was placed with gems the brightest
In a rich and sparkling crown,
And Europia's proudest monarch,
In his state apparel dressed,
Wore this crown, in which there sparkled,
This pearl brighter than the rest.

Give me one heart that is faithful and bright,
One love that is true alway,
And the battle of life I can bravely fight
To its last and closing day.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

In life's varied stations,
We everywhere find
Some strange combinations
To startle the mind.
The good and the evil,
The false and the true,
In fellowship civil,
Are mingled all through.

We speak with emotion,
And earnestness too,
And make a commotion,
'Bout what we *will* do.
But actions scarce ever
With talking progress,
And rarely, or never
Reach what we profess.

'Tis not all in saying,
Nor all in profession,
'Tis not all in praying,
Nor all in confession,
The lips oft may utter
Words falsely begot,
While the prayers that we mutter
The heart may feel not.

Profession counts little,
Words cost but a breath;
And we often find brittle
The vow which one saith.
Some scheme to gloss over,
Some purpose that's sought,
May lead one to cover
With words the real thought.

How often to flatter
Men shrewdly pretend,
And compliments scatter,
In words without end;
From what they say to us
We can't always tell
Just what they think of us—
Or illy or well.

Acts always speak clearer
Than mere words can do,
And bring to us nearer,
The heart's inner view.
Acts bear the soul's impress,
Coined fresh from the heart,
While words oft wear the dress
Of cunning and art.

Hence practice speaks louder
Than preaching or talk,
Though preaching walk prouder
Than practice can walk.
And he who'd not slumber,
'Mid earth's crying needs,
Will strive to outnumber,
Professions by deeds.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

You say it's too bad—and I know it is so,
But it cannot be changed,—that is true;
What's done can't be undone; the years come and go,
But the record that's written must stand there, you know,
Whatever we say or may do.

The sins I've committed!—I see them all now,
They're before me by night and by day,
And thinking them over, shame mantles my brow,
And, humbled in spirit, I'm wondering how
I wandered so sadly astray.

The warnings I had? I remember full well
How often and kindly they came;
They ring in my ears as I sit in my cell,
And tell but one story, that I, when I fell,
Had none but my own self to blame.

Friends? I had hosts of friends when I started in life,
And they proved themselves trusty and true;
They gathered around me with counseling rife,
And gave me their help 'mid life's battle and strife,
But I failed, spite of all they could do.

I had helpers enough and encouragement strong,
With a conscience that told me the right;
I should have turned back from the villainous throng

That were leading me headlong to ruin and wrong,
And banished them far from my sight.

But no! I went onward and downward, and—well,
I am here as you see me to-day;
There's nothing to live for but life in this cell,
There's nothing to die for—unless it be hell,
With its torments forever and aye.

'Tis sad to remember the failure I've made,
To gaze at a wreck so complete,
But saddest to think that I basely betrayed
The friends who had helped me, and left them dismayed
As I sank in disgrace at their feet.

And so I sit here, in my vileness and shame,
With nothing to comfort or cheer;
The past showing naught but a vile, blackened name,
The future, o'erburdened with sorrow and blame,
Inviting me onward with fear.

Oh! God, is there pity in heaven for me?
A pardon for sin black as mine?
If so, let that pity come, boundless and free,
And this poor, wretched heart, such a stranger to Thee,
Feel the grace of Thy pardon divine.

IT MAY BE.

It may be but a little thing you're called upon to do—
To give a smile, a kindly look, a cheerful word or two;
To feed some hungry, needy one, or give the thirsty drink—
Some little thing which men note not, of which they scarcely think;
And yet if done with helpful thought, with cheerful, loving heart,
How greatly it may lessen pain, how much of joy impart!

It may be that you're set to do some hard, unpleasant work,
At which your pride revolts, and which your comfort bids you shirk;
Some task you like not, nor enjoy, but which, it's understood,
Will fill with joy some other life or do some neighbor good;
'Tis then your ever-ready hand should push the work along,
And thus bring good to other souls and crown their lives with song.

It may be that you're called upon to tread some weary way,
Where thorns and briars hedge you in and clouds shut out the day;
Some lonely path which still may lead to some far-distant goal
That, struggled for, will much enrich and beautify the soul;

How eager, then, toward this goal your steps should ever be
'Till won at last, you reap the good, remaining there for thee.

You may for some disfavored cause be called upon to fight,
To bear against some mighty foe the banner of the Right,
To stand alone, with none to help save God who rules on high,
And take the blows and bear the wounds of wrong's vast company;
Yet know that he's the hero who, with courage high and strong,
Stands firmly at his post and deals such blows as crush the wrong.

It may be that some heavy load you're called upon to bear,
Whose weight may almost sink the soul in sorrow and despair,
While friends and neighbors stand aloof and all your struggle see,
And yet with-hold, with seeming care, their aid and sympathy;
Remember that by being firm, with honest heart and true,
And bearing freely, bravely, well what burdens come to you,
You strengthen many a fainting soul, encourage many a heart,
And, by example, to the world a blessing rich impart,
While every step leads upward still, and self, with purpose warm,
Speeds forward to a fuller growth, to truer, nobler form.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

An editor sat in his office chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay;
His brow was clouded with anxious care,
And his mild blue eye had a steady stare,
And a look that was far away.

As he gazed, he saw, in the far-off years,
A bright and lovely spot,
Where the editor dropped his cares and fears,
Where the pen lay idle beside the shears,
And the cry for "copy" was not.

The day had been filled with vexation and care,
As ever some days will be;
One thing bothered here and another there,
At every turn was a three-fold share
Of toil and perplexity.

When he reached the office at early day
He found it all dirty and chill;
The "devil" was sick and, of course, away,
So he built the fire without delay,
And swept out with old-time skill.

One job was promised that day at one,
Another at half past ten,
While another still that should have been done
The day before, must at once be "run,"
Since the boy was waiting for't then.

But worst of all, a form, just set,
Was "pied" in a shocking way,
And though another was ready, yet
A good impression was hard to get,
All causing some hours delay.

'Twas trouble here, and vexation there,
And a call this way and that,
He was needed at once and everywhere,
And he had not a moment all day to spare
For rest or a friendly chat.

And midst the worry and bother and all,
In neighbor Hamline dropped,
"Your article on the strike last fall
I can't endure, and so I call
To have my paper stopped."

And speaking thus, he hurried out,
Just as Lawyer Smith came in.
"I wonder," said he, "what you're thinking about,
To raise such a hue and cry, without
First asking if it will win.

"You pitch in here and you pitch in there,
Wherever a wrong may appear;
Don't you know that success you can only share
By keepng still, as if unaware
That wrong is anywhere near."

Having said his say, Lawyer Smith went away,
And quiet came back once more—
But not for long did the quiet stay
For neighbor Brown, who was passing that way,
Stepped in at the open door.

"There's White," said he, "just over the way,
Whose riches cannot be told,
He's the meanest man in town, they say,
A robbing the poor from day to day,
And a hoarding up his gold.

"You haint any pluck or you'd pitch right in
And give him a center shot;
Don't you know that the paper that's sure to win
Must keep things lively, with racket and din,
And make them tremendous hot."

Thus worried, at last he sat himself down,
Aweary in body and mind;
There was nothing of pleasure his thought to crown,
For Fortune had met him with only a frown,
And a treatment most unkind.

He'd worn no collar for any man's pay
During all of the by-gone days;
Whenever he had anything to say,
He had spoken out in an honest way,
Regardless of censure or praise.

When he came to the strike he spake out free,
Dealing fairly with each and all;
And, speaking thus, he could not see
Why neighbor Hamline so ruffled should be
As he was, at his midday call.

He had tried to keep cool in what he said,
And to raise no useless cry;
But when the wrong reared high its head,
And crushed the right 'neath its giant tread,
He struck is most stingingly.

As to pitching in,—on a former day
He pitched in with vigor immense,
But a libel suit had come his way,
And the thousand dollars he had to pay
Had taught him a little sense.

And so all alone, with his day's work done,
The editor sat and thought,
For him luck had but a sorry run;
'Twas labor each day till the set of sun,
With plenty of curses, and nothing won,
Save the little his labor brought.

But sadly at last he rose to his feet,
Went out and shut the door;
And as he walked slowly down the street,
He found in his mail-box, all clean and neat,
A letter, and nothing more.

He broke the seal without any delay,
And read with a hearty cheer:
"The Postmaster General writes this to say
You're made postmaster this very day,
And the pay is two thousand a year."

He looked at the letter, then read and re-read,
As homeward he wended his way,
And his step had a lighter and livelier tread,
Fresh joy filled his heart, and he held up his head
More proud than for many a day.

And all through the hours of that blessed night,
His heart beat strong and free,
And the dreams he dreamed were exceeding bright,
And his pulses thrilled with a strange delight,
For a postmaster now was he.

THE POOR MAN'S BURDEN.

[Rudyard Kipling has written of "The White Man's Burden," and Henry Labouchere has written of "The Brown Man's Burden," and we may be pardoned if we write a few lines about "The Poor Man's Burden."]

Take up the poor man's burden!
Bowed down beneath its weight,
His footstep has grown weary,
His heart disconsolate;
The poor man's load of ages
He's bearing still today,
O! haste to share it with him
And make no more delay;
You, who have strength and vigor,
And seek some work to do
To make this life the brighter
For those who're passing through,
Here with these burden bearers,
And poor of every kind
Your work and strength and vigor
Can full employment find.

Take up the poor man's burden!
You need not go afar,
To distant isles and peoples
With ships prepared for war;

Behold! in town and city,
About you everywhere,
Are thousands, faint and heart-sore,
Who need your thought and care.
You'll find them in the workshop,
The hut, the mine, the mill—
The man, the wife, the children—
Bearing their burden still;
And sad of face and weary,
With feeble step and slow,
They're bowed beneath their burdens
And stagger as they go.

Take up the poor man's burden!
With voice of sad despair
He cries aloud for helpers
His heavy load to share;
He's weak with over-struggling,
Weary with over-work,
Sinking beneath his burden,
Yet knows 'tis death to shirk.
He asks not much, O, strong ones,
From out your store of gain;
Lighten in part his burden,
Allay in part his pain,
Lessen in part the heartache
That makes his life so sad,
Bring him some cheer and comfort,
Something to make him glad.

Take up the poor man's burden!
Let eloquence be strong,
Let poetry speak freely
In potent words of song,
Let prose come bravely forward
With clear and mighty pen,
To show the cursed injustice
Of men's oppressing men;
Let pulpits raise their voices
Against this form of wrong,
Let platforms ring with power
To help the cause along,
Let men of every calling
And women urge the fight,
Until the poor man's burden
By right has been made light.

Take up the poor man's burden!
Bring to him hope and light,
Whate'er may be his color,
Or black, or brown, or white;
You can't do less than help him,
'Tis duty now you face,
To hesitate is heartless,
Refusing is disgrace;
Thus working all together,
Ye strong ones, aid the weak,
Help share the poor man's burden,
Sweet words of comfort speak,
So with a noble effort
To aid him as you can,
You'll make your lives worth living,
Helping your fellow man.

MY SCHOOL-DAY FRIENDS.

O! ye friends of the past
Whose friendships outlast
All the changes on Life's rugged way,
I greet you once more
With love as of yore,
Dear school-mates of youth's sunny day.

What visions arise
Before my glad eyes!
What faces grace Fancy's bright hall!
As with fond, eager look
I read memory's book
Where your names are inscribed, one and all.

How our lives sped together
In youth's sunny weather
Along the bright pathway of life!
How the same buoyant hope
Lit our young spirits up
With visions of happiness rife!

In Fancy's wild flight
We took strange delight
In building our castles of air,
In our day-dreams forgetting
All worry and fretting
And every suspicion of care.

The present was ours
With its sunshine and flowers—
Youth's present both joyous and bright—
And, as girls and as boys,
We shared in its joys,
Drinking deep from the cup of delight.

The future we limned
Was never once dimmed
With a shadow of grief or of pain,
While Hope whispered cheer
To hearts without fear,
Enchanting our youth-fevered brain.

But how many long years,
With their sunshine and tears,
Have fled since that bright, hopeful day!
While we sadly behold
Ourselves now growing old
And hast'ning down life's rugged way.

O'er the hills of the past
A long look we cast
And seek, with some magical skill,
For the faces so dear
That, with love most sincere,
Once known, are held dear by us still.

Where are they? we ask,
And what's the life-task
Which they have been forced to perform?
Have their years sped away
Amid sunshine alway,
Or been spent amid tempest and storm.

Answer comes from the past
Where, from first to the last,
Rise the forms of those treasured and true,
And we stand with amaze
As before our sad gaze
They pass us in silent review.

Some fell by the way
In youth's hopeful day;
Some perished in manhood's full age;
Some, laboring still
Their task to fulfill,
Yet linger on life's busy stage.

Some won a success
'Mid the throng and the press
Of this active and worrying life,
While some, called to meet
A crushing defeat,
Went down 'mid the tumult and strife.

Full many with song,
With hopes high and strong,
Started out their life-battle to fight,
But their song has been checked,
And their hopes have been wrecked,
And they lost in the darkness of night.

What tears have been shed,
What torn hearts have bled,
What agonies racked the wild brain,
What ambitions hushed,
What ideals crushed!
'Mid the world-storm of hail and of rain!

Here, trouble and care
Have led to despair,
Leaving naught but life's blackness in view;
There, those fondly loved
Have treacherous proved,
Breaking hearts that were trusting and true.

How few of that band
Have wrought as they planned!
How few gained the object they sought!
How few reached the height
Of ambition's delight
Or won at the last as they thought!

And how many have failed
Who would have prevailed
Had effort been made the one test;
How many gone down,
'Mid the cold world's stern frown,
Who should have been honored and blest!

But what boots it at last,
When earth's struggle is past,
And we stand at the end of our life,
Whether greater or less
Is the so-called success
We have won in the world-field of strife!

What counts in the main
Is not what we gain
In position, or honor, or wealth,
But what we acquire
To make us aspire,
To a mental and moral good health.

The wisdom we store,
The truth evermore
We struggle with patience to learn;
The kindness we do
With hearts fond and true,
These count when we reach life's last turn.

And the good that we will,
The stern duties fulfill,
The soul-growth in virtue's estate,
The character built
Untarnished with guilt,
These alone make our gains rich and great.

That's not real success,
Whether greater or less,
Which is won by fair virtue's sad loss,
And there's nothing obtained,
With character stained,
But is worthless as perishing dross.

The person, who's stood
For the true and the good,
Been faithful to duty and right,
At last will be found
With true honor crowned,
As victor in life's sturdy fight.

ONE REASON
WHY RELIGION DON'T PROSPER.

You ask me about your religion?
Why it is not gaining more ground?
Why people don't take to it promptly
And hold to it firmly and sound?
Well, I'll tell you in just a minute
What I think one strong reason is,
And I'll make it so plain and pointed,
That the point you cannot miss.

The reason is with you Christians—
The so-called Christians, I mean—
The chaps that are loudest at talking,
But at acting are rarely seen;
The people who pray the longest,
And shout the loudest "amen,"
Then go out and rob their neighbor,
And plunder their fellow men.

I knew that kind of a "Christian,"
Who at church always took a front seat,
And for praying, and singing, and shouting
Could nowhere and never be beat.
At prayer-meeting no one was like him,
While at teaching a Sunday-school class,
His love for poor sinners went gushing
With many an "O!" and "alas!"

This fellow—a flourishing merchant—
Thought to sell out his store, if he could,
And, by dropping his business, "have leisure
For doing just dead loads of good";
So he found a chap from the country,
Who had never or scarcely seen
Anything outside of his farming,
And at "business" was awfully green.

This farmer had known the "good merchant"
For many and many a year,
Had faith in his "Christian" standing,
And his piety "most sincere."
So he trusted the merchant fully,
Took "his word just as good as gold,"
And relied on "his sacred honor,"
As "a saint all safe in the fold."

But, alas! he was disappointed,
For the merchant just took him in,
And fleeced him in "regular fashion,"
Like any vile rascal of sin.
He charged him twelve thousand dollars
For a stock worth no more than seven,
Then went promptly to church next morning,
And "sang sweetly of God and Heaven."

Hard times came on, and the buyer
Worked faithfully day by day,
Doing all he could in the business
To make that business pay,

But at last he could struggle no longer
With his hardships, and losses, and doubt,
So he called on the "Christian" merchant,
And told him he wished to sell out.

And what do you think the good merchant
Was willing to pay "at a drive,"
Just two and a half thousand dollars,
For a stock that was worth over five.
And thus the chap from the country
Was robbed at both ends of the game,
While the merchant was chuckling and happy,
But making long prayers just the same.

Now, if this sort of loud-mouthed "Christians"
Will deceive, and lie, and cheat,
And swindle a fellow mortal,
With a coolness so complete,
Do you wonder that sinners don't hanker
For the religion they profess,
But treat it with scorn and loathing,
As a most disgusting mess.

This chap had trusted the merchant,
Relied on his "Christian" name,
Believed in his word of honor,
But got swindled just the same;
And a man who thus cheats a poor fellow,
Who trusts him in that sort of way,
Is far surer of Hell than of Heaven,
No matter how loud he may pray.

Religion says: "Do unto others
As you'd have others do unto you,"
Treat justly and kindly your neighbor,
In all that you say and do;
And your neighbor is any poor mortal,
Struggling hard 'gainst the world's fierce storm,
And a kindness done him is done really
To "the Master" in his form.

No! religion will never move forward,
Never conquer the world to its way,
'Till those who are shouting its praises,
Live religion day by day.
"The Master" taught justice and kindness,
And actions with "brother-love" fraught,
And the only religion the people want,
Is that which "the Master" taught.

Profession amounts to nothing,
While long prayers and a holy mien,
Are very much worse than worthless,
Where good actions are not seen.
So, if you would have your religion,
All human hearts to reach,
Just get your so-called "Christians"
To practice what they preach.

TOGETHER IN SILENCE.

Alone we are sitting together,
My faithful, true wife, and I,
As the evening shadows deepen,
And the moments hurry by—
Alone by the same old fireside,
No other mortal near,
Our hearts filled with tender emotions,
And a love both deep and sincere.

We sit as we sat together,
Some fifty long years ago,
When, as husband and wife, we started
Our new life with joy aglow,
And, as we sit in the silence,
Under Fancy's magic sway,
There comes to our ears the music
From the far-off yesterday.

Some comes with a light-some movement,
Some comes with a tone of pain,
Some with a joyous ending,
Some with a sad refrain,
And, as we quietly listen
To the tones of joy or woe,
We turn the leaves of memory
Back to "the long ago,"
And while we read the pages,
Written so bright and clear,
We live our past life over,
As we've lived it year by year.

We joy at the many blessings,
We sigh at the sorrow and pain,
We smile at the beauty and sunshine,
Grow sad at the cloud and rain

Which have come to us so freely
To sadden or gladden each day,
As hand in hand we have journeyed
Along our changeful way.

Yes! we sit alone and in silence,
For the many, who used to come
To sit with us by the fireside
And gladden our hearts and home,
Have left us—no more to greet us—
Some scattered the wide world o'er,
But most have joined the many,
On that "brighter and happier shore."

So we sit alone and in silence,
For the children we loved and reared,
Have said their good-byes sadly
And from "home" have disappeared,
Four—to fight the world's fierce battle
Wherever this lot may lie,
While two have joined the angels
In their "happy home on high."

And as we go back together
Over the fifty years' span,
We feel our married life ending,
Just where it once began;
We two, and no one beside us,
To dwell in "the old home-nest"
All alone and unattended,
'Till we take our final rest.

But, though sadness chills our spirits,
As we sit here all alone,
There's a joy in thus reviewing,
The days that have come and gone,
For while gladdened now with pleasure,
And now with sorrow bowed,
We know that these days have brought us
Far more of life's sun than cloud.

And, as thus we sit in silence,
Thinking over these long, long years,
Our hearts are knit closer and closer,
Through the memory and the tears,
And we feel that whatever befalls us,
In the years that are to come,
We shall be all in all to each other,
In our quiet and peaceful home.

LET THE DESERVING BE PRAISED.

What means all this prattle,
This rattle and tattle,
O'er donations from great moneyed men?
All over the land
Our praises seem planned
For the gifts of the rich "upper-ten."

When some proud Millionaire
Gives to charity's share
His check for a thousand or so,
The papers all shout
And the people cry out—
"What a wonderful gift to bestow!"

But why should we raise
Our voices in praise
Of those who may give a large sum,
While the warm-hearted many,
Giving nickel or penny,
We pass with lips silent and dumb?

Have we never yet learned
That the little—oft-spurned—
Is the gift that deserves the most praise?
That 'tis not the amount
Of the gift that should count,
But the cost to the giver always?

It is easy for one
Who has gold by the ton
To give largely and freely, and yet,
If the sacrifice test
Is counted as best,
What measure of praise should he get?

For let it be known
That the measure alone
Of a gift is the sacrifice—such
That it costs self-denial
And makes it a trial
To give, whether little or much.

Measured thus, every time
The sewing girl's dime
Or the workman's gift pennies, should share
As much of our praise,
Both now and always,
As the thousands from some Millionaire.

Moreover we know,
That many men grow
To be wealthy by robbing the weak,
And that if Right had reigned,
They never had gained,
What they give with so much of pure "cheek."

For it is a sad fact,
Alike true and exact,
That, while some many millions have got,
These millions belong
To the great common throng,
Who these millions have made,
But who were waylaid,
And robbed by some villainous plot.

Hence, if Justice were done
To men one by one,
And all had to full brotherhood grown,
We never would raise,
Our voices in praise,
Of the man who gives what's not his own.

And be it well known,
That the gift which alone,
The richest of blessings bestows,
Is not that of mere "wealth,"
But is that of one's self,
With a love which true brotherhood knows.

If the rich were the all
Who give at the call
Of society's many demands,
It should be our delight,
And would be only right
To praise them as duty commands.

But we know that the State,
And the Church, small or great,
And society's many affairs,
Are carried along
By the great common throng
And not by the few Millionaires.

Hence, our praises should be
For the many, as free
As their gifts in their lowly estate,
While the voice of our praise

We should never up-raise
Alone for the rich or the great.

Be praise, then, for the many
With nickel or penny,
Or any small sum they donate,
As well as for those
Whose giving bestows
But a grain from their golden estate.

Somewhere it is said,
In a book we've all read,
That a widow's poor mite counted more,
In the Master's great thought
Than the much that was brought
By the rich from their gold-treasured store.

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a little smile,
Unseen by the world's great throng,
But it came from a loving heart,
And was sweet as the sweetest song.
Only a moment of life,
And it passed forever away,
While the giver passed on with the crowd
Of life's ever-changing day.
But the smile wrought a goodly work,
And a sweet benediction had,
For, coming amid the world's fierce strife,
It cheered and brightened a weary life,
And a burdened heart made glad.

Only a little word,
But 'twas spoke in a gentle tone
To the ear of a troubled soul,
Whence hope had well nigh flown.
The sound sped away on the air,
Unheard by all save one,
While the speaker, hurrying by,
From sight was quickly gone.
But the little word lived on
In a heart under sorrow's sway,
Kindling therein a ray of hope
Which lighted the weary spirit up
And brightened its lonely way.

Only a little kiss,
From lips of tenderest love,
Warmed from a tender heart,
Seeking its love to prove.
With not a word spoken it came,
But 'twas quick to dispel my fear,
And bring to my burdened soul
The comfort of light and cheer.
And so, as I journey along,
I shall always remember this:
That nothing has such a healing art,
For an overburdened and wounded heart,
As a tender and loving kiss.

Only a little deed,
But 'twas done with a love sincere,
To one of earth's burdened ones,
In his struggling, sad career;
It took but a moment of time,
Cost but a little thought,
But the doer could never know
The good which his kindness wrought.
Yet the deed had a wondrous power,
And was worth a world of wealth,
For, since from a loving heart it came,
And being done in the Master's name,
It was blessed by the Master himself.

Only a little flower,
But 'twas given at love's behest,
And I kissed it with silent lips,
Then hid it close to my breast.
But the flower is faded and gone,
And the giver is long since dead,
While I journey on alone,
With a heart uncomforted.
But there is lingering with me yet,
The fragrance of that sweet flower,
While memory calls to mind
The giver, so gentle and kind,
Whose love was my richest dower.

Only a little hand,
That I gently pressed in mine,
As I sat by the bed of death
And watched, at the day's decline.
But that hand I press no more,
Yet, though many years have fled,

I still feel its gentle touch,
Though my darling child is dead.
And, as often I sit alone,
Through the mists that hang from above,
I seem to see that little hand,
Waving to me from "the better land"
A message of kindness and love.

Only life's little things
But how thickly they crowd our way,
Filling our dreams by night,
And our thoughts from day to day,
Cheering our path with sun,
On darkening with cloud and rain,
Wounding the gentle heart,
Or soothing its cruel pain—
And so whatsoever our lot,
Whether bright or of cruel strife,
We know 'tis the little things alway,
Which sadden or gladden our earthly way,
And make up our mortal life.

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN.

If 'twere not for the "why" and the "wherefore,"
That puzzle me now and alway,
I could reach a more logical "Therefore,"
To the questions arising each day;
But when thought asks for some explanation,
Seeking only a little to know,
I get but this poor consolation:
"Thus far only, now, can'st thou go."

"I know not" or "know," in like measure,
The truth-seekers ever declare,
As they grope for some deep-hidden treasure,
Meeting either success or despair;
For about us hang mysteries ever,
To limit or darken our view,
And, the best we can do, we can never,
See only a little that's true.

We may struggle the best in our power,
Until aged and weak we have grown,
We may study each day hour by hour,
Still the unknown is more than the known;

For the mind, with its utmost endeavor,
Can grasp but a trifle of all,
While the great mass of truth lies forever,
Beyond its best vision or call.

But yet, 'mid the darkness and doubting,
And mysteries not understood,
The little we gain is worth counting,
Bringing ever some measure of good,
While every new truth that we master,
Adds strength to the mind and the heart,
And we know, come success or disaster,
Truth we once gain will never depart.

And so we should ever be striving,
To keep our hearts trustful and strong,
Of mind-growth and soul-growth deriving
Some little while passing along;
And, while from each day's fresh endeavor,
We are cheered by the little we gain,
We should trust that in God's long forever,
The unknown will all be made plain.

BETRAYED.

And so he is married! I thought he would be;
Still the news brings a sorrow most deep—
He promised so often to marry but me,
Then neglected that promise to keep.
Yes! I loved him too fondly—I trusted his word,
As he pledged it again and again,
But I trusted too far, for the vows I once heard,
Have been broken as idle and vain.

Great God! 'Tis too true! There lies his own child!
How I love it so sweet and so pure!
It certainly seems that this brain will run wild,
As I struggle to live and endure.
But struggle, and live, and endure it I must,
Though death I could welcome with joy,
For none but myself would I venture to trust,
With the care of my innocent boy.

He vowed that he loved me again and again;
To be mine for all time passing by,
And I drank in his words as the earth drinks the rain,
When the drouth leaves it thirsty and dry.

He said that our vow reached to Heaven's high seat,
That our marriage was registered there,
That Heaven regarded that marriage complete,
As the priest or the law could declare.

With such words in my ear and with love in my heart,
I gave to his keeping my all—
O! how cruel the one who could play the foul part,
Of luring me on to my fall!
How base to deceive with words honeyed and sweet,
To win with such promises fair,
Then spurn the heart won, with a coldness complete,
As unworthy his thought or his care!

But the one he has taken! God bless her alway!
She is innocent, trusting and good!
She knew not his baseness, else would have said nay,
When before her as suitor he stood.
She is filling the place that was promised to me,
While the heart pledged as mine o'er and o'er,
She holds as her own. Ah! true may it be
And faithful to her evermore.

To betray the confiding and trusting!—I feel
Naught is baser or blacker than this—
Had he stabbed to the heart with a weapon of steel,
I had died in comparative bliss.
But life now is torture,—a long, living death,
With a heart torn with anguish and pain;
No light to shine in—no whisper which saith:
"Thy life shall be gladness again."

And so I go on 'mid the darkness and tears,
With only one thought to bring joy:
"That perhaps, bye and bye, in the oncoming years,
I may still have the love of my boy."
For having such love perhaps I might learn
To forget the sad past now and then,
While through the dark clouds I might dimly discern
Some faint ray of sunshine again.

Thus day follows day and night follows night,
And the moments go sorrowing by,
Bringing only those thoughts which all happiness blight,
Causing naught but a pang or a sigh.
The past has no solace, the future no charm,
The present naught restful or fair;
If some faint hope arise, some note of alarm
Changes hope to the gloom of despair.

O! when will men learn to be honest and true,
Knowing ever the Right to defend,
Being loyal to woman in all that they do,
Proud to be her protector and friend.
O! when will they cease to betray and to wrong,
To ruin while promising fair,
Standing ever beside her with purposes strong,
To guard her with brotherly care!

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

They tell me this world is a bad one.
This life, with its trials, a sad one,
With little to cheer or to glad one,
Who's trav'ling this earth-journey through;
But for me life has had much of pleasure,
For I've gathered my share of earth's treasure,
And gladness I've had in fair measure,
So I joy for this earth-life—Don't you?

They say there is much that is trying,
Grave questions our best thought defying,
Dark mysteries still underlying,
Our research—the best we can do!
But some questions we surely can master,
Some truth we can save from disaster,
Some research can help to move faster,
I think that is certain—Don't you?

They point to the sad ones who borrow,
No joy from today or tomorrow,
But, clad in their garments of sorrow,
Go sighing and weeping life through;
But I've found that the sun's ever shining,
Giving all clouds "a silvery lining,"
That we can't banish grief by repining;
That's how I regard it—Don't you?

Now and then, might may thrust down the lowly,
Vice may conquer the good and the holy,
Wrong may walk boldly on and not slowly,
Spreading ills that are sad to the view;
But remember the good's ever working,
Its duty-call not wholly shirking,
Pushing on where the wrong may be lurking,
And I look for its triumph—Don't you?

So, despite all the wrong and complaining,
The Right, I see, constantly gaining,
While many are bravely maintaining
What to them is the good and the true;
And I hope for a better creation—
A new life in life's every station,
With a noble and high inspiration,
Leading all to do right—Don't you?

Hence, to make the world gladsome and cheery,
And to banish the sad and the dreary,
Push forward, with step never weary,
To build up the good and the true;
For I find an unselfish endeavour,
To mend and make better will never,
Prove all ineffective, and ever
Make life the worth living—Don't you?

THE HYPOCRITE.

He was sitting in church Sunday morning,
At the head of his family pew,
And a Sabbath-day smile was adorning,
That face which all gathered there knew.
"Here's a model for church and for Sunday,"
Spake the voice of his saintly pride,
While he thought of the coming Monday,
And his schemes reaching far and wide.

He joined with the great congregation,
In that song which all church-goers know,
Singing loud with great self-approbation:
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'
But, alas! both the saint and the sinner,
Who saw his devotion in play,
Knew well he was sure to be winner,
In some villainous game the next day.

When up rose the morning's petition,
He bowed most devoutly his head,
And to judge from his humble position,
He felt every word that was said.
But his thoughts were kept wondering ever,
The whole of the universe through,
To devise some scheme, cunning and clever,
To swindle some one that he knew.

When came round the Sunday collection,
He gave with a liberal hand,
As though gold formed the bond of connection,
'Twixt this and the heavenly land;
And yet for his large contribution,
All knew that some poor fellow man,
Would suffer his stern persecution,
While pushing some rascally plan.

When the sermon was preached, how he listened.
Intent to the very last word,
And his eyes with a rare brightness glistened,
As some soul-moving passage was heard;
But the words which were carefully measured,
By most as for them set apart,
And thoughtfully, sacredly treasured,
Found no place of rest in his heart.

At length when the great congregation,
Stood up for the last solemn prayer,
His soul, with divine exultation,
Seemed basking in Heaven's own air,
But every one knew that, while seeming
So true and devoted just then,
His worship with falseness was teeming,
And false his loud-sounding "Amen."

It is true that sometimes our religion,
Worn outward and never within,
And fitted with studied precision,
Conceals a large measure of sin;
Hence its dogma and creed to the letter,
The hypocrite studies alway,
Hoping, under the cover, the better
His villainy safely to play.

MOTHER AND SON.

She is waiting alone by the fire to-night
For her one darling boy to come,
While each passing footstep she hears with delight,
And her heart beats high and her eye grows bright
As she thinks he will soon be at home.

She is aged now, and her locks are grey,
And her cheek is furrowed by care,
For she's plodded along life's rugged way
Just three-score years and ten today,
Working faithfully everywhere.

And she thinks tonight, as she sits alone,
Of the years that have hurried by,
Of the friends who have left her one by one,
Of the husband dear that is dead and gone,
And the tears dim her aged eye.

But the tears are dried as she hears the sound
Of that step which brings only joy,
And she's on her feet, and almost at a bound,
She is at the door and is clasped around,
By the arms of her loving boy.

What pleasure there is in that fond embrace!
What cheer in that hearty kiss!
And the two sit down by the old fire-place,
And talk—while the moments fly apace—
Drinking deep from the cup of bliss.

The mother is proud of her boy—a man—
Grows prouder each passing day,
While he seeks only to labor and plan
And, with loving heart, to do all he can
To cheer and brighten her way.

God pity that boy who outgrows the need
Of a mother's tender care,
Who turns from her councils and love to feed
On the husks of life, and pays no heed
To her words of love and prayer.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it,
But whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."
Thus sang the man whose earnest plan
Was, from the dark and tearful,
To look away each live-long day,
To what was bright and cheerful.

The world is "bad" when we are bad
And selfish in our action,
When there is naught in all our thought,
But seeks self-satisfaction.

If one thinks wrong to all belong,
And good is practiced never,
His morbid eyes see all life's skies,
Obscured with clouds forever.

But when the light with gladness bright
Reigns in the soul's recesses,
The outer life, though one of strife,
Finds much that cheers and blesses;
For every soul views life's great whole
In darker shade or brighter,
As it has grown to live its own,
In blacker shade or lighter.

So, if you care life's sun to share,
And live amid the brightness,
Bend all your will your heart to fill,
With cheerfulness and brightness.
For laugh and smile will serve the while
To scatter clouds of sadness,
And change the night to noonday bright,
And crown your days with gladness.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE" SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF IN 1910.

[In order to appreciate the following verse, one must read Edwin Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe." Mr. Markham represents this man as a typical farmer, leaning on his hoe, discouraged, hope all gone, sad-looking, because his life is one of working and starving, with no prospect of anything better before him.]

I would just like to know the full meaning
Of all this loud bluster and blow—
Our ears filled with Pity's wide gleaning
About "the poor man with the hoe."
Some tell us he's toil-worn and weary,
And some he is burdened with care,
Chained down to a life dark and dreary
Which buries all hope in despair.

"Brother to the ox," say these sages,
"A slave on stern labor's dread wheel,"
"In his face the emptiness of ages"
Which his looks, "stunned and stolid," reveal.
He struggles—a stranger to gladness—
Along the whole length of life's track,
Bowed down by his burden of sadness
And "the weight of the world on his back."

Well, I've handled a hoe for a living
For forty long years to a day,
And the best that I've had I've been giving
To the hoeing that's come in my way,
But I haven't found life cursed with sorrow,
Nor felt I was chained like a slave,
Neither feared that each coming tomorrow
Would bury all hope in its grave.

True, I've had my full share of hard working,
And days filled with darkness and strife,
But I've found that there's no place for shirking,
If a man would succeed in this life—
I've borne burdens—but all men must bear them,
Met reverses—but these come to all,
Have had sorrows with no one to share them,
And misfortunes, the great and the small.

But to claim that I've suffered more sadly
Than toilers outside of the farm,
Is putting the case rather badly
And working a vast deal of harm—
"The man with the hoe" knoweth ever
That he's not enslaved or trod down,
But stands his own master, and never
Wears aught but a free man's proud crown.

It is true, I had scarcely a penny
When life for myself I began,
And I was but one of the many
Starting out here on just the same plan;
But all now—to the number of twenty—
Have, each, a good farm, and we rank
With those who have comforts a plenty
And a little of cash in the bank.

First, we worked by the month, and then rented,
Then bought, each, a farm as we could,
Paid our debts when the bills were presented
Till freed from our debts we all stood;
So today we are happy and joyous,
All having enough and to spare,
With no over-work to annoy us,
And much that is pleasant and fair.

With our wives and our children to cheer us,
With friends who are trusted and tried,
With churches and school-houses near us,
And much social blessing beside,

With papers and books, and a measure
Of music and song here and there,
Few people have more of life's pleasure,
Or less of its worry and care.

From our farms, numbering over six millions,
We manage each year to obtain
What, in dollars, approaches six billions
In various products and grain,
And these farms and our stock reach—fair rating—
Forty billions of dollars today.
Yet we farmers, as some have been stating,
Are slaving at work that don't pay.

Moreover, there's great satisfaction,
If farm life is not always bright,
To know that in most of their action
Our farmers are true to the right;
They stand for the good in the nation,
The good in the school and the home,
The good in all social relation,
And work for the good yet to come.

Besides, they rear most of the preachers,
And lawyers the whole country through,
The journalists, doctors, and teachers,
The statesmen and business men too;
So, if farm life seems somewhat appalling
To those who give fancy full play,
We farmers are proud of our calling
No matter what others may say.

Then away with this nonsense and fiction,
This talk about "burdens" and "woes,"
Which is all but a base contradiction
Of what every true farmer knows;
There is no one more free in this nation,
Has less of life's worry and woe,
Gets more for his own consolation
And joy, than "the man with the hoe."

Let me have about me ever
Those I love and who love me,
And this changeful heart can never
Yield to long despondency.

THE PARTY MACHINE.

This country is great
In its combines which rate
Their stocks by ten millions or more,
It is great in its gold
And its silver untold,
Coal and iron in richest of store;
Great in value of goods,
In its products and foods,
And its resources seen and unseen;
But 'tis greatest of all
For cheek and for gall
In the much-noted "party machine."

The "machine" is the "gang"
Who help things "alang"
And keep politics moving "all right,"
Who have ambitious dreams
And plan greatest schemes
Which give them unbounded delight.
Both Governors rare
And Congressmen fair
Join hands with an energy keen,
Having ever some plan
To work out, if they can,
Through this aptly-named "party machine."

At the caucus of party
They appear hale and hearty
And plan for "the good of the nation,"
While they labor with skill
And much of good will
For this or for that nomination;
Their pockets are full
With the cash, for a "pull,"
Which they deal out with smiles all serene,
While bright are their hopes
As they handle the ropes
Of the "gang-helping" "party machine."

In convention they meet
With their numbers complete
And their programme arranged in advance,
And the henchmen all spring
When the "Boss" pulls the string
To take their set place in the dance.
The people aren't in it
For one "blessed minit,"

For the "gang," with an innocent mien,
Proceed with "gang" tricks
The ticket to fix
As planned by the "party machine."

On the day of elections
They rally by sections,
Their helpers and friends far and wide,
And these they march in,
Thus hoping to win,
With much of elation and pride.
They vote every fellow,
The white, black, or yellow,
That money can purchase unseen,
Or that much of poor rum
Can make "mellow" or dumb,
For the vote-catching "party machine."

Whence cometh the "tin"
Which these fellows "rope in"
To keep the "machine" on the go?
When the cash is all out
Do the "gang" turn about
And give their own money, or no?
Nay the "gang" work alway
By night and by day.
Their own selves from giving to screen,
While their good "party lash"
Draws from others the cash
For running the "party machine."

In our State Institutions
Those "free contributions"
Are gathered in promptly, and yet
'Tis the help that must pay
(For they dare not say nay,)
Five per cent of the wages they get.
And this money goes in
To help the "gang" win
In ways that are dark and unseen,
And to make a success,
Be it greater or less,
For this cash-getting "party machine."

The offices all
In the state, great and small,
For themselves and their friends they demand;
And they rave like all mad,
If these cannot be had,

Vowing vengeance on those in command.
Yet, if one of their friends,
While in office descends
To practices crooked and mean,
They "whitewash" the man
The best that they can,
For the good of the 'party machine."

But while playing this game,
They loudly proclaim—
"We work for the party alway;"
And they strut and they swell,
While they constantly yell—
"For the party we'll die any day."
The people, they spurn,
And from their good turn
With a heart that is selfish and mean;
While they help first and last,
Only those who hold fast
To the gang-managed "party machine."

Yes, for party they shout,
And they hustle about
With much sham devotion and pride,
And they swear they have been
Ever true party men,
With loyalty trusted and tried;
But when, all forsooth,
We get down to the truth,
We find all the party they mean,
Is the little that's found
Clinging closely around
The boss-governed "party machine."

The "gang"—they are "it,"
And we must all "git"
Whenever they whistle us out,
And whatever they say,
We must haste to obey
Without any question or doubt;
We must labor to feel
While we tug at the wheel,
With naught of free will ever seen;
That it is a great thing
To be tied by "the string,"
To this slave-grinding "party machine."

For we're "no party man,"
If we kick 'gainst the clan
That run the "machine" as they choose,
And if office we hold,
We must do as we're told
Or "be damned" if we dare to refuse.
Who, in office, dares fight
For his own free-born right,
'Gainst a "gang rule," exacting and mean,
From office must go
At the potent say so
Of this despotic "party machine."

Shall the voters not, then,
Resolve to be men,
And say to these fellows, "get out;
You've ruled us too long
With your hand firm and strong.
Now, we'll just turn the ruling about;
We'll take our proud stand
In the place of command,
While you in the rear may convene,
And we'll show that we can
Make, his own boss 'the man,'
And run our own 'party machine.'"

THE ONE TRUE "SAW."

"Where there's a will there's a way,"
Is what some people say,
And say it with much of elation.
They declare it is so,
For they've tried it, and know
That it proves true without limitation.
But some in this world,
With banner unfurled
And will-power equal to any,
Move forward each day,
To conquer a "way,"
But go down to defeat with the many.

There's another "old saw,"
Which some point to as law,
And from it much stimulus borrow:
"I will find me a way,
To walk in to-day,

Or will make one when comes the tomorrow."
Now, 'tis easy to say,
"I will find me a way,
Or make one," but many who've tried it,
Have labored their best,
With courage and zest,
But the way—they have never espied it.

We all must admit
That courage and grit
Are needed by saint and by sinner,
But, in spite both of these,
And all "saws" strong decrees,
Some fail when they think to be winner.
So, as seems to my mind,
Of the "saws" all combined,
One only fits all kinds of weather:
"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip"
Proves true and correct now and ever.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

THE CHILD

Put me in my little bed,
Tuck the clothes up round my head,
So I'll have no fear or dread,
Through the night's long sleeping.

Now, with thanks for all your care,
For the love you never spare,
I will say my little prayer
For Heaven's kindly keeping.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take
Up to Thy home in Heaven."

Now, Mama, kiss me good night,
And I'll close my eyelids tight,
Hoping that a morning bright
May to us be given.

THE OLD MAN

I must take me to my bed,
Four-score years have quickly fled,
And I bow this aged head
To Heaven's solemn warning.
Youth and strength have sped away
Since, a child, I weary lay
Down, with hope, at close of day,
For a joyous morning.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
And grant a rest both calm and deep,
A rest that brings no sorrow.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take
To the land where dawn shall break
In a glad to-morrow."

AT REST

Thus as time rolls on apace,
With its ever-changing face,
The man arrives at the same place
Whence the child departed,
And, yielding now to Nature's plan,
He ends his course where it began,
And, having trod life's circling span,
Lies down just where he started.

The man and child!—when day is fled
Loving ones by each one's bed
Watch till each is comforted,
Then some loving, word is said
At the night's leave-taking.
Each lies down sweet rest to share,
Each repeats the self-same prayer,
And each one trusts some kindly care,
For a blissful waking.

There is naught that gives richer pleasures,
As we journey toward life's end,
Then to count among our treasures
One true and faithful friend.

HOPE AND PRAY FOR THE BEST.

The mother is quietly sitting
With her baby asleep by her side,
While thoughts through her mind are fast flitting
All about her loved "darling and pride."
His future she's carefully planning
All gorgeous, successful, and blest,
And, while fondly that future she's scanning,
She hopes for and prays for the best.

The child is all joy as he passes
Toward his school and again toward home;
No sorrow his young life harrasses,
No visions of evil to come.
His life is free from all sadness,
His heart by no grief is oppressed,
While he basks in the sunshine of gladness,
And hopes for and prays for the best.

The youth most ambitiously enters
The rough road of a business life,
While all effort and thought he centers,
On winning amid its strife.
So he pushes along, little caring
For hardship, or toil, or unrest,
And, while showing a praise-worthy daring,
He hopes for and prays for the best.

The man plunges into the hurry
And bustle of worldly affairs,
Having ever his share of life's worry,
And much of its burdens and cares.
His courage and push are unfailing,
His work gives him little of rest,
And, while these may prove all unavailing,
Still he hopes for and prays for the best.

And when the life-journey is ending,
And one has little further to go,
When the last of the way he is wending,
With steps that are feeble and slow,
When he thinks of the dark-rolling river
To be crossed at Death's cruel behest,
Though his heart with its fearings may shiver,
Still he hopes for and prays for the best.

And thus whatsoever our calling,
Or howe'er our earth-life is spent,
Whether blessings around us are falling,
Or sorrow and sad discontent,
Whether sharing the dark and the tearful,
Or by some kindly fortune caressed,
Our lives will be all the more cheerful,
If we hope for and pray for the best.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Do you see the old dwelling house over the way?
How sadly it looks now-a-days!
You remember that once, when mere boys at our play,
We scanned it with wondering gaze!
'Twas a stately old mansion in that early time,
Where life passed in pleasure and song;
But today 'tis a hovel where vileness and crime
Dwell together—a vice hardened throng.

The mansion, then owned by a wealthy old man,
Was the dwelling of comfort and joy;
His wife and his children, in life's settled plan,
Found plenty their time to employ.
With coffers well filled, and with generous heart,
Their bounties were many and free,
To the poor ever ready some good to impart,
To lessen their life's misery.

The door then swung free to a kind, loving throng,
The hall voiced the tread of glad feet,
The wide rooms re-echoed with laughter and song,
While pleasure reigned full and complete.
But now the door stands half ajar, creaking loud
As 'tis swayed by the wind to and fro,
While each dreary room holds a piteous crowd,
Their lives dark with vileness and woe.

A fast-fading relic of some better day,
The house stands decaying and old,
Its glory departed, and fast on its way
It is speeding to dust and to mold.
The owner cares naught for the vileness that flows
From the lives of those now dwelling there,
But to gather more gold, despite human woes,
Is his constant and diligent care.

Yes! there stands the old dwelling, with sorrowful face,
With time-shattered windows and door,
With roof poorly patched and with scarcely a trace
Of the grandeur and beauty of yore.
And, as often I gaze on its fast-crumbling walls,
Whose splendor is now at an end,
A feeling of sadness my poor heart enthralls,
As if I had lost a dear friend.

WE TWO.

We had played all the plays that I ever knew,
And had sung every child-book song;
I had told all the stories both fairy and true,
Which fill up the story-books, old and new,
And to nursery life belong.

Then the little one paused in her song and play,
And, climbing upon my knee,
Nestled down in my arms in a loving way,
And said, looking up as she quietly lay:
"G'anpa, duz oo 'ove me?"

"Yes! darling, I love you the very best,
And I wish I could love you more,"
Then I pressed her close to my aged breast,
And kissed her cheek with a new-time zest,
Which I had never known before.

Then she closed her eyes and flew full free
To the land of dreams away,
While I thought what "my last of earth" would be,
Had this little angel not come to me,
To brighten life's closing day.

Yes! this little one came, with a light and cheer,
To my heart, grown weary with strife,
And she helps me to banish full many a fear,
Brings laughter in place of the bitter tear,
And brightens and sweetens my life.

So I love such little ones, while they prove
The richest of blessings given,
Teaching ever the richness of pure, true love,
And bringing a foretaste of joys above,
For of such is "the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE THREE ANGELS.

In the years I have thus far spent
Three visitors called upon me;
Unbidden they came, and unchallenged they went,
As conquerors lordly and free.
I saw their faces, but knew them not,
As I gazed with these mortal eyes,
Yet, they proved full clear, by the good they wrought,
They were angels in disguise.
And I learned to know them at length
As come on some generous plan,
For the blessings they brought and strength
Have made me a better man.

The first was the angel of Pain,
And so cruel and cold was its speech,
That I felt there was naught I could gain,
From aught it could give or teach.
Yet it stayed with me night and day,
And for weeks it would not depart,
But the longer it made its stay,
The gentler became my heart.
And at last, when its presence had fled,
Such a pleasure and comfort were mine,
That I promptly and cheerfully said:
"That visitor's surely divine."

The angel that came to me next
Was the angel of Failure—and lo!
At its coming I grew sorely vexed,
And prayed it to leave me and go.
But it turned a deaf ear to my prayer,
My vexation it e'en heeded not,
While I, in the deepest despair,
Lamented my sorrowful lot.
Yet, when it was gone, I grew strong,
My heart with fresh courage was filled,
And I hastened again with new song,
To engage in the work I had willed.

At last came the angel of Shame,
And before it I bowed down my head,
While it heaped on my conscience the blame
For much I had done and had said.
I knew that it's words were all true,
That I'd acted unwisely and wrong,

And I felt that its censure was due
As it came to me earnest and strong.
It went—and I labored and prayed,
All humbled, my passions to tame,
And such a good record I made,
I was glad that this visitor came.

Thus oft through my many long years,
These angels have come unto me;
Sometimes they have left me in tears,
And sometimes in sad misery;
While oft many days I have spent,
'Ere their message was quite understood
Or I could say, with my full consent,
That their coming had done me good.
But I've learned full clearly to see,
As the months and the years have flown,
That little of soul-growth had come to me,
If these angels I'd never known.

"THE BOYS."

The "Boys," as you know, had a party one night,
With the old "boys" and young "boys" by special invite,
And they made the glad season pass happy and bright,
Filling the time with unbounded delight
Till the wee small hours in the morning.

They had plenty to eat and plenty to drink,
All bought with the "boys'" precious combine of chink,
And the "boys" all thought, as people will think,
That pleasure is best when you stretch its sweet link
To the wee small hours of the morning.

I'll not tell you of all that was said and was done,
Of the speeches they made and the stories they spun,
Of the wit, or the jest, or the pith of the pun,
But will simply repeat that they had lots of fun
Till the wee small hours of the morning.

The "boy" is a fellow who knows how to jest,
And can get from a joke all the cream that is best,
Who reaches the acme of pleasure and zest,
When he wipes off his chin and pulls down his vest
In the wee small hours of the morning.

He will eat, and will stop when there's no more to eat,
He will laugh and grow fat till his joy is complete,
Sing a song, tell a story with richness replete,
And he fills up the night and will never retreat
Till the wee small hours in the morning.

When the fun is all over, with no more delay
He shuts off his nonsense and hastens away,
And although he's a "boy," as people may say,
He never goes loitering home by the way,
In the wee small hours of the morning.

Then hurrah for the "boys!" Whether many or few,
They meet at their club-room in friendliness true,
They laugh and they joke, and they never get blue,
While their own happy way they're content to pursue
Till the time comes for parting and saying adieu
In the wee small hours of the morning.

THE SWINE MAN.

This is a strange world, and wherever we go
We meet with strange people, who rush to and fro,
Pushing forward, with zeal, for themselves to obtain
Some longed-for advantage, or comfort, or gain,
Never thinking of others and having no care
About others' rights, or how others may fare,
For the Swine-man is ever about.

We go on the cars, and the smoker we take,
And the Swine-man is there without any mistake,
And he squirts his tobacco-juice over the floor,
Unmindful of others who sit by the score
Around him, and wonder why swine are left free
To befoul every spot where they happen to be
As they wander so freely about.

We go to the passenger car and we see
The male swine, or female, whichever it be,
Taking up two whole sittings while careful to pay
But for one, and not caring what others may say,
Or how many may stand in the aisle half a day,
For the Swine-man seeks only his own ease alway,
While pushing so freely about.

On the street car the Swine-man appears in his glory,
And shows the swine spirit beyond fabled story;
He is vulgar, or loud, or profane in his talk,

Or spits over the floor where others must walk,
Or he sticks to his seat no matter how many
Old ladies or young may be standing. For any
But self, first and last, he cares never a whit,
If he has a good seat and is master of it,
For the Swine-man is ever about.

On the sidewalk down town we frequently see
A group of old men, or of young it may be,
All squirting tobacco-juice which, in a mass,
Befouls the whole walk, and through which all must pass,
Both mistress and maid, for the pool is complete,
And all must wade through, or else take to the street,
Since the Swine-man is ever about.

In the evening at home when the husband comes in,
Finds fault with his wife, scolds the children like sin,
Eats his supper in haste, then rushes away,
To the club or saloon, not deigning to say
A word of good cheer or of kindly adieu
To his wife who's toiled sadly the weary day through—
There's a Swine-man that's ever about.

Or perhaps the fond wife, toiling on day by day,
And denying herself every pleasure alway
Asks the husband to give her a nickel or so
To buy candy or nuts for the children. But, no!—
He swears he will not and goes off with a sneer
To spend five times as much for cigars or for beer—
A Swine-man that's ever about.

When the union man seeks, with a high, mighty hand,
To control all the work that there is in the land,
Seeking only his own selfish good to advance,
While denying the non-union man any chance
To earn a mere living for children and wife,
Even daring to maim him or rob him of life—
Then the Swine-man is surely about.

When we see all about us the proud millionaire
Forming combines and trusts without any of care
Or of thought for his fellows, but pushing, with might,
His own selfish schemes, regardless of right,
Or of law, or of even the good of the nation,
Trampling others to earth for his own elevation,
Then the Swine-man is rankly about.

And thus in all places the Swine-man is found,
Disgusting all classes who throng him around,
Pushing ever along in his own selfish way,
Regardless of others or what others say,
Grasping all that is best wherever he can,
The loathsomest being in the shape of a man
That ever walks freely about.

SONG OF THE GOLD KING.

Yes! there is a good time coming,
And we'll hail its golden light,
When it comes in all its splendor,
With its reign forever bright,
Bringing bounteous stores of gladness
To the choice, selected few,
Such as yet in all the ages
Human beings never knew.

When that time shall dawn upon us,
With its good for us to share,
We shall see the worthy Gold King
And the multi-millionaire
Marching onward in their grandeur,
Like some strong and mighty braves,
While the common herd of mortals
Shall be counted as their slaves.

Then the few shall hold the purse-strings,
Rule the land with fullest sway,
While the many serve and labor,
Knowing only to obey,
And we'll hear no more the nonsense
Of equality for all,
For we'll hold the rabble level,
Even though the heavens fall.

Glorious time for rich and lordly!
Trusts and combines everywhere!
Money plenty and abundant,
For the few alone to share!
And no longer need we bother
With the low-down, common clan,
For the dollar'll be almighty,
Standing ruler over man.

Yes! there is a good time coming!
And 'tis surely almost here,
For we see the dawn approaching,
And full day will soon appear;
All the rich are growing richer
As we see on every hand,
And will soon be lords and masters,
Over all throughout the land.

WITH THE DYING YEAR.

'Twas the last sad day of the dying year,
As we watched beside her bed,
While our hearts were burdened with grief and fear,
And refused to be comforted—
When the angel of death came silently in,
And bore her spirit away,
From this world of sorrow and pain and sin,
To the world of eternal day.

We loved her much in her years of strength,
But more in her sickness and pain,
And we labored and prayed that Heaven at length
Might give to her health again;
But in spite of our utmost care and thought,
And prayers amid doubts and fears,
The angel came and its mission wrought,
And left us in sadness and tears.

How sweet was her life! How lovingly kind
And gentle from day to day!
She died as she lived, and has left behind,
A memory we'll cherish alway.
No word of complaint—no murmur expressed
At the suffering and pain passed through;
Those loved her the most who had known her the best,
For they'd found her both loving and true.

We mourn her—not lost, but as gone before,
To dwell with the happy and blest,
In that Eden of bliss on that heavenly shore,
Where earth's weary ones find rest,
For when with the "old year" she bade us good-bye—
The husband, the daughter, the friend—
She began "A Happy New Year" up on high—
A year that shall never end.

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

The years have sped rapidly by, my dear,—
The years of our married life—
Full eight have passed by since with love sincere,
And plighted vows, knowing nothing of fear,
We started as husband and wife.

The sun has shone brightly to gladden our way,
Rarely dimmed by the cloud or the rain,
And our hearts have been cheered by the good of each day,
While the ill, that dared come, hastened quickly away,
Leaving little of sadness or pain.

While we've traveled together but few of the miles
On life's journey, among the great throng,
While we've tested but slightly dame Fortune's weird wiles,
We have gained much, alike from her frowns and her smiles,
To make us more hopeful and strong.

Our mutual love in those few short years
Has strengthened and purer grown,
While trust in each other 'mid smiles and tears,
And respect for each other's doubts and fears,
Have increased as the years have flown.

The presence of children has aided to bless
Our home and to make it bright,
And our hearts have grown richer with tenderness,
Through their innocent prattle and fond caress,
And our lives with a purer delight.

One lesson we've learned as we've journeyed and wrought—
The richest beneath the sun—
That the life with the choicest blessings fraught
Is when love links two hearts with a single thought,
And makes them to beat as one.

"God bless our home and the dwellers there,"
Is our prayer before His throne,
"May he guard our lives by His constant care,
And at last in His glory beyond compare
Accept us as His own."

The needle is true to the pole,
The sun shines alike night and day,
So the faithful and true-loving soul,
Is faithful and loving alway.

REBELLIOUS.

"Put me off at Buffalo,"
Kiss me then and let me go,
For I'm going to see my beau,
And am in a hurry.
You may fret and you may frown,
Shout your anger through the town,
You can't break my purpose down,
So, mama, don't worry.

Feelings!—Lay them on the shelf,
I can take care of myself,
And can help in earning wealth
For myself and Harry.
So, stop talking—soothe your wits,
For 'tis time to play at quits,
Since I've got one of my fits,
And am bound to marry.

You may like it or may not,
One thing must not be forgot,
I am ready for my lot,
For I love him dearly.
Harry is my pet and pride,
And I'll travel by his side,
Be his "bonny, blushing bride,"
His own, most sincerely.

Talk no more of moments when
I was loved by all, and then
Tell me not what might have been
If at home I'd tarried;
For my home I've left for good,
Let all that be understood,
I could falter if I would,
But I will get married.

The wedding day had come and gone,
And other days came swiftly on,
Harry proved unkind, untrue,
Abused his wife, as some men do,
Deserted her and left her, too,
Alone and unprotected.
So now the girl, once proud and vain,
Is back at the old home again,
Content forever to remain
With those she once rejected.

SEVENTY YEARS.

How very swiftly the years have gone by—
The years in their mystic flight;
From some far-off realm in the boundless sky,
On the wings of the wind they have seemed to fly,
To some realm in the darksome night.
And while swiftly they've come and as swiftly fled,
Beyond my furtherest ken,
They have left the snows upon my head,
Of seventy winters, and to me have said:
"We will never return again."

I am sad as I think of these vanished years,
In whose duties I've had a share,
Of the hopes they have blasted, the bitter tears
They have caused, and the burden of trials and fears
They have forced human hearts to bear.
I am sad as I think they have torn from my side,
The many both faithful and true,
The stalwart in goodness and manly pride,
The strong and the worthy on whom I relied,
And have left me with only the few.

And yet very much has been cheering
In those years as they've hurried by,
Very much has been true and endearing,
Very few the occasions for fearing,
Very few for the tear or the sigh.
While misfortune has now and then found me,
And failures I've often-times made,
I've not suffered these things to confound me,
But have sought for the good things around me,
Finding more of life's sunshine than shade.

True, the days and the months, in their going,
Have sped at a pace all too fleet—
For life's duties have come overflowing,
And demands, have been constantly growing,
Which I've been unable to meet,
And the chiefest regret I am feeling,
As I think of the many years gone,
Is, while many, at Right's strong appealing,
Stern blows 'gainst the Wrong have been dealing,
That so much yet remains to be done.

But during these years, I've been learning
This lesson of wisdom and light:
"To the future courageously turning,
And the good and the helpful discerning,
We should ever prove true to the Right;
While ever with lofty endeavor,
And purpose persistent and strong
Moving onward and upward, we never
Should halt or prove faithless, but ever
Deal blows that shall weaken the wrong."

Yet I know that, while men have been gaining
In truth as the swift years have flown,
While ever some new good attaining,
There is much—very much—still remaining,
There is much—very much—yet unknown;
That, in spite of thought's ongoing stages,
In spite of man's knowledge and skill,
In spite of the wisdom of ages,
Whose record fills history's pages,
This life is a mystery still.

And so, while I'm calmly reviewing,
The record of seventy years,
I pray that, the Right still pursuing
And devotion to duty renewing,
I may have for the future no fears;
That during the days yet remaining,
While searching for wisdom and light,
I may strive for the constant attaining,
Of higher ideals and for gaining
Fresh knowledge of duty and Right.

THE FITTEST LIFE.

This life is full of mystery—
Its future, present, past—
We know not whence we came at first,
Or where we go at last.
Within, without, both here and there,
A thousand things we see,
Whose secrets we would know, but find
They're wrapped in mystery.

We wonder at the bitter war,
Between the Right and Wrong.
The poor down-trodden by the rich,
The weak ones by the strong.
Man wronging man with base intent
And fiendish cruelty,
When, if all men are brothers true,
Such things should never be.

Some struggle 'gainst unnumbered ills,
Misfortune and distress,
While some know only richest joys,
Which come their lives to bless;
Some groan beneath their load of grief.
In poverty and pain,
While some have every luxury,
Bought with ill-gotten gain.

The few have more than they can use,
While many, here and there,
Go hungry, or perhaps may starve,
For all the few may care.
And yet these hungry, starving ones,
Lost 'mid the world's advance,
Would prove the equals of the few,
If given once a chance.

In learning's walks, invention's realm,
Or riches' proud domain,
Wherever men grow prominent,
Or high position gain,
There we would find these humble ones,
From slums and low estate,
If they had had an equal chance
With those we call "the great."

Just why these evils come to some,
To grieve or break the heart,
While others live their lives in joy,
From every ill apart;
Why some have all, while some have naught,
Under some strange command,
But life in poverty and rags,
We cannot understand.

But though we cannot understand—
We know all lives can be
Made happy, beautiful and bright,
By warm philanthropy—

By all men learning that 'tis true,
In working out life's plan,
The fittest life that can be lived,
Is when man lives for man.

Man is the only sacred thing,
That man has e'er descried;
For him the earth was made and all
He's known or had beside.
No principles, no precepts rare,
No dogmas ever can
Be held as sacred only as
They help to better man.

Thus speak we when we only speak,
Of what we really know,
And lay imaginings aside,
Away conjectures throw;
For, measured by our widest search,
Our most extensive thought,
Man is the highest, noblest work
Creation ever wrought.

Yes! It is true: Creation left
Its highest seal on man,
And crowned him with a nobleness,
The grandest in its plan.
Hence man stands up in dignity,
The noblest thing we find,
In all the range of human thought,
Of every form or kind.

Man is so sacred he who wrongs
The humblest of his race,
In thought, or word, or deed, should have
No high regard or place;
While he, who works for human good
By doing right to all,
Should be advanced to highest place
Whence there is no recall.

For well we know earth's lowly ones
Oft reach the highest place
When once they're given a helping hand
In life's competing race,
While woe and poverty are changed
To comfort and delight
When brother love gives brother aid
With brother cheer and light.

Hence he, who works for human good,
Both helps to banish wrong
And grows himself, in character,
The noble and the strong,
And, by his living brother love,
With dogmas unperplexed,
Can rest assured that Heaven is his
Both in this world and next.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Now I rise from Night's sweet rest
I pray thee, Lord, I may be blest
With wisdom all my work to plan
And help to do it like a man,
Seeking with thought and deed correct
To make my work without defect,
And having will and strength to do
Whatever is right and good and true

WORD AND DEED PRAYER.

The prayer of word is often vain;
It works no good and brings no gain;
But prayer of deed we know is sure
To cheer, to comfort and to cure.

We talk of love and sympathy,
We pray our neighbor blest may be,
But we must put these things in deed—
To cheer the faint—the hungry feed.

Mere words are cheap, and little cost,
Take wings and fly—are quickly lost,
But deeds cost effort—sacrifice—
Live ever—are beyond all price.

We pray the Lord will kindly care
For all the poor whose means are spare
And then we think our duty done—
That God will care for every one.

But better far and Christ-like more
To seek the poor from door to door—
To feed and clothe and help them, too,
To some fit work that they can do.

Hence when some deed is to be wrought
That you can do and that you ought,
Go—tackle it without delay
And never stop, in word, to pray.

The deed will ever work its will,
Its gracious mission to fulfill,
And, once 'tis done, if done in love,
'Tis all that's asked by God above.

No matter how-so-much we pray
That this or that be done straightway,
God rarely does or sends some one
To do the deed we should have done.

The deed-prayer always does its share
To brighten life or lessen care,
And though its voice may not be heard,
'Tis better far than prayer in word.

We have too much of mere word prayer,
Too little deed-prayer everywhere;
So, if you'd lessen human need,
Pray less in word and more in deed.

Be active, whatsoe'er your gift,
To cheer the poor and to uplift,
For Christ says both to me and thee,
"If done to these, 'tis done to Me."

"THAT BRIGHTER AND HAPPIER DAY."

You say you are foot-sore and weary,
Your journey's been rough and severe,
You've traveled o'er mountains and valleys,
Both desolate, rugged and drear;
The road has been rocky—uneven—
You've suffered from hunger and cold,
While mishaps and ills have come to you
In numbers that cannot be told.
But cheer up! Somewhere in the future,
And sometime in some goodly way
You'll joy, for you'll come to discover
"That brighter and happier day."

You say that your friends have turned backward,
And left you to journey alone,
Have censured and sometimes reviled you,
"For bread given only a stone."
Your load has been heavy and painful,
Too great for your shoulders to bear,
And frequently night-fall has found you
The victim of grief and despair.
But never give up, for there's somewhere,
A better and less rugged way,
Which, found and then followed, will lead to
"That brighter and happier day."

You say that your plans have miscarried,
Some other your work has outdone,
You've met but defeat and disaster
When victory should have been won;
In summing up all that has helped you
And all that you've been favored in,
You feel you have made a sad failure
When counted with what "might have been."
But oft-times to fail after struggle
Is victory won in life's fray,
And of credit will get its due share in
"That brighter and happier day."

You are sad at the wickedness raging—
The wrongs done by man unto man,
The greed, where the strong through injustice,
Rob and plunder whenever they can;
The weak, by the proud arms of power,
Wielded hither and thither in might,
Crushed down ever lower and lower
And robbed of all justice and right.
But be not discouraged! Injustice
And wrong will not flourish alway,
For Right will rule all when we come to
"That brighter and happier day."

We all, now and then, must grow weary,
Must tread a road rough and severe,
Must suffer from cold and from hunger,
From mishaps devoid of all cheer;
But the bitter will oft turn to sweetness,
Life's pains oft come only to bless,
While bearing great loads helps develop
The best which our natures possess.

Hence 'tis wise to be hopeful and cheerful
No matter how rugged the way,
For thus will we reach all the sooner
"That brighter and happier day."

The present is ours to determine—
To will what our future shall be,
To plan and to work out certain measures
For shaping our life's destiny.
If these measures, worked out, tend to evil,
The world is made worse by our life,
While for us it were better if never
We'd entered earth's bustle and strife—
But, if we work out worthy measures,
Our life helps our fellows alway,
While we grow till we share in the joys of
"That brighter and happier day."

WEDDED THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

Have you forgotten (I know you'll say nay),
'Mid the care and worry of life,
That 'tis thirty-five years—thirty-five today—
Since you became my wife?
How time rushes on! How hurriedly by
The on-rolling seasons have sped
Since we stood at the altar—you and I—
And were quietly, happily wed.

We were then both hopeful, trusting and strong,
And the current of life's fresh blood
Swept boundingly on our young veins along
In an ever-refreshing flood.
The life before us was all untried,
But was lighted by Hope's bright ray,
And we trusted that, journeying side by side,
We might find it one cloudless day.

How happy we were and what plans we laid
Whose endings we could not see,
While we talked of a future without a shade
And of things that were not to be.
The paths that we marked for our joyous feet
Were smooth and cheerful with light,
And we thought to move forward only to meet
With years that were happy and bright.

Now thirty-five years of that wedded life
Are closing for us today
And the grating noise of their din and strife
Is passing forever away.
Yet during those years a mutual love
Has cheered us in sunshine and shade,
While a Father's hand, from his home above,
Has sent us all needed aid.

Of the rough and rugged we've had our share,
Our share of the storm and cloud,
We've often grown weary with watching and care,
And with sorrow our hearts have been bowed;
But amid it all we have stronger grown,
Less selfish our hearts have been made,
And counting up all the years that have flown
There has been more of sun than of shade.

With these thirty-five years of wedded life gone
But few for us yet can remain,
And these will pass quickly as others have done
With their measure of pleasure and pain—
But while together permitted to live
We'll labor and hope for the best,
Drawing closer in love with what love can give,
Then hopefully pass to our rest.

THE FINAL GOOD-NIGHT.

[To My Wife.]

When the word of farewell has been spoken at last
And the final goodnight has been said,
When the earth-ties are broke that have bound me so fast
And I sleep the last sleep of the dead—
Don't sorrow as one with heart, broken and sore,
With features grief-ladened and wan,
But joy for, while here you may see me no more,
Somewhere, on some happy and beautiful shore,
I shall live everlastingly on.

Don't think of me lifeless and laid in the grave—
A soul that shall nevermore live—
A friend you regret you were helpless to save
For earth and what earth has to give—
But think of me living and happy and blest,
Growing stronger and stronger in good,

Moving onward and upward toward that which is best,
The unknown exploring with pleasure and zest,
Learning truth I had ne'er understood.

This earth-house I've lived in for many a year
And which I have counted my own,
Whose welfare I've guarded 'mid hope and 'mid fear,
As stronger or weaker it's grown—
You'll bear it away to its last resting place
And leave it beneath the green sod.
But remember that I, in some region of space,
A soul, born immortal, through Nature's free grace,
Live on as immortal as God.

Let the picture you paint for your Memory's Hall
Be correct and according to life,
Bring out the hard struggle, defeat and the fall,
With the scars I received in the strife—
I'd have it set forth all that's true of the facts
In the life you have known me to live,
Not covering up any wrong in my acts,
Portraying the good but as justice exacts,
Seeking only the full truth to give.

The life yet to come I know nothing about
And can only surmise what 'twill be,
Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt:
I shall long for your presence with me.
My days may be cheered with the sweetest employ,
Bliss come with abundance of cheer,
But my heart will be robbed of the richest of joy,
My pleasure be mixed with a sadd'ning alloy,
If I know not the friends I love here.

Whatever I am or wherever I be
I'll forget not our long wedded life,
Our sorrows and joys and what you've been to me
As counsellor, helper and wife,
And, if in your future, some ill should betide,
Or sorrow's dark cloud should appear,
I'll summon the swiftest of angels as guide
And will speed on the wings of the light to your side
To aid and to comfort and cheer.

If some little word I have spoken somewhere,
Or some little deed I have done,
Or some little song I have breathed on the air
Has a place in your memory won—

Just treasure it fondly from day unto day
And let it dispel every thought
Of any unkindness you've seen me display
To sadden your heart or to darken your way,
Or any misdeed I have wrought.

While the best of my thoughts will be centered on thee,
My heart will be brightened and cheered
As I know on this earth you are thinking of me
Not lost, but from sight disappeared.
And be sure I will watch and will longingly wait
Till your "life's fitful fever is o'er,"
Then will greet you with love at "the beautiful gate"—
A love that's but known in the Heavenly state—
Where parting shall be nevermore.

IF THE SPIRIT IS CHEERFUL AND BRIGHT.

This life is both changeful and busy,
With the work that we all have to do,
With the plans that are laid for the morrow,
And the worries we all must pass through;
But the plans will be laid far more easy,
The work grow a vast deal more light,
And the worries, though great, mostly vanish,
If the spirit is cheerful and bright.

Misfortune may often assail us,
Disaster may oft overtake,
Or failure may rise in our pathway
And make futile the efforts we make;
But misfortune's keen sting proves less harmful,
Less dreaded disaster's strong might,
While failure will lose half its terror,
If the spirit is cheerful and bright.

We groan underneath the huge burdens
We are called on so often to bear,
Grow weary when forced the rough highway
To tread, with sore heart, here or there;
But the highway, though rough, becomes smoother,
The burdens change form and grow light,
While we're made much the stronger for duty,
If the spirit is cheerful and bright.

Sometimes the grim ghost of past errors
Will into some strange being start,
And will waken the saddest of mem'ries
To grieve and to burden the heart;
But the mem'ries and ghost prove but trifles
When, resolved to do only the Right,
We turn from the past to the future
With a spirit that's cheerful and bright.

Oft-times all about us is darkness,
Not a star in the heavens appears,
Fate laughs as we stand undecided,
Our hearts filled with doubts and with fears;
But the darkness will seem far less fearful,
Hope whisper some word of delight,
If we trust to the right and move forward
With a spirit that's cheerful and bright.

And so whatsoever the changes
Or sorrows that darken our day,
Whatever misfortunes befall us,
Or failures, to roughen our way;
O'er the past we should nevermore worry
Though mem'ry will keep it in sight,
But face, with firm purpose, the future,
With a spirit that's cheerful and bright.

"WANTING WHAT IS NOT."

"As a rule a man's a fool,
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not."

—*Anonymous.*

COMMENT.

The man who wrote these words had not
A vast amount of wisdom got,
For never wanting what is not
Man ne'er had gotten what he's got,
Nor can he e'er improve his lot
Except by wanting what is not
Which proves that some at least have not,
In working out their earthly lot,
Gone all astray and foolish got.
Because of wanting what is not.

Hence every man who's not a sot,
Or manhood has that's worth a dot,
Or would escape oblivious blot
Is always wanting what is not,
And pushing forward to the spot
Where, in some palace grand, or cot,
He fondly dreams there can be got
The wanted thing which he has not.
And when he thinks he sees the what
That will improve his present lot
Or help him on—all else forgot—
He rushes to secure that "what,"
Although 'tis something he has not.

E'en should he fail to find that "what."
He don't give up and mourn his lot,
But through the brain that he has got
Wakes up invention on the spot,
And quick creates the thing that's not.
And thus he learns good can be got
What is be changed to a better what,
And Heaven be gained, that brighter spot,
Only by wanting what is not.

Then praise the man who wanteth what
In his earthly career he has never got
And who has the courage to plan and plot
And work for the thing that will better his lot,
Will bring him more good which he has not got
And will help him to reach that blessed spot,
Where worries and cares are all forgot
And happiness reigns which Hell's foul plot
Can never mar by stain or blot,
For all good things that men have got
To brighten their lives and ease their lot—
To better conditions in any cot
Or palace grand, are due to what
Men got by wanting what is not.

IF ONE COULD LIVE ON.

If one could live on for some thousands of years
In this world where he lives but a few,
And have no misgivings or doubtings or fears
About strength that would carry him through;

If sure of good health of both body and mind
And vigor to will and to plan,
How many wise ways he would readily find
Whereby to be helpful to man.

This life is so short, as we mortals all know,
Its years go so rapidly by,
That we can scarcely learn how to live it, when lo!
We are forced to surrender and die.
The experience we've had, the lessons we've learned,
The knowledge we've managed to gain,
Which would help us so greatly, if properly turned,
For this earth by death are made vain.

If we could begin where we end this frail life
When death takes us, aged, away,
With all the equipments we've gained in the strife
That's engaged us for many a day,
How grandly and nobly and well we could live,
What improvements could make in our ways,
How richer and better a service could give
To the world that needs service always.

Having learned what is best, by life's much varied test,
In thought and in word and in deed,
What brings richest gain, what banishes pain,
And meets all humanity's need,
We'd be careful to shun all the wrong we have done
As we went here and there day by day,
And would labor to do what was helpful and true
To all that we met on the way.

The harsh word that we spoke, the heart we most broke,
The tear that we called to the eye,
The wrong that we'd wrought for some gain that we sought,
Causing heartache and many a sigh,
Would all be unknown in that life where we'd grown
To be true to the Right everywhere
And to make our employ bring but brightness and joy
To all that we met here and there.

There is so much to do all our social life through
To change and make better and heal,
Great ills to repress, great wrongs to redress,
Great reforms making earnest appeal,
The poor to lift up with encouraging hope,
The hungry to care for and feed,
The lives sad and drear to comfort and cheer,
The many to help in their need.

Here the cruel and strong are working the wrong,
Oppressing and robbing the weak,
There are those who for greed are paying no heed
To aught but the thing that they seek,
And the selfish who know but to labor that so
The end that they seek they may gain,
All working their will with the greatest of skill,
Causing millions but suffering and pain.

All of these things appeal to the one who can feel
And is anxious his kind to befriend
And make him to long with a feeling that's strong
For an earth-life that never will end.
For there's so much to do that, if once carried through,
He knows would be helpful to man,
That he wants on to live with a hand free to give
And a heart to aid all that he can.

It makes us feel bad and our hearts to grow sad
When we think that the end of Earth's day
O'ertakes us when best we are fitted to test
Our strength and our worth in life's fray.
We have gathered so much from Experience's touch,
As we've felt it in days that have gone,
That would help us to live and a rich service give
To mankind, that we want to live on.

So, if one could but live for some thousands of years
In this world where he lives but a few,
What a change he might make from lives saddened with tears
To lives that are bright, good and true.
The mistakes he once made he'd avoid and would grade
His life for this highest degree:
That he'd seek to do good wheresoever he could
And to all whosoever they be.

"OVER THERE."

I am hoping to meet them at some future time—
The friends I have known here below.
Who have passed from this earth to that heavenly clime
Where life never-ending they know.
What a happy re-union 'twill be "Over There,"
When, meeting each other again,
We'll renew our acquaintance and happily share
In the friendships we know will remain.

There's the father I loved and who fondly loved me,
Who gave me his tenderest care
During youth's early years and who labored to see
That I had of life's ills a small share;
And the mother, the truest and dearest of all
The friends that my youthful days knew,
Who gave of her strength and her time, at Love's call,
To guide me in ways right and true.

There are brothers I played with in youth's early day,
Whose company brought me delight
And helped both to smoothe and to gladden my way
And make it both pleasant and bright.
There's the sister who opened most kindly her home
And asked me its comforts to share
When Death, on its hard-hearted mission, had come
And my parents had borne "Over There."

Many friends are there, too, whom I've traveled beside
As they made their life-journey on earth,
And whom, knowing full well, I had found "true and tried"
And possessed of a genuine worth.
As we shared in our mutual sorrow and joy,
Knew each other in sunshine and shade,
Our friendship grew strong, having naught of alloy,
And true so it never can fade.

But chiefest and dearest and richest in thought
Are the children I hope there to meet—
Those dear ones whose coming to earth to me brought
A joy that was tender and sweet,
How fondly I loved them! What pleasure 'twill be
To greet them again "Over There."
While Heaven will be made all the brighter for me,
If their presence once more I can share.

What a joy "Over There" to talk over the past
With the friends I have met on my way,
The failures we made and Fortune's rude blast
That we faced for full many a day;
The sorrows and joy, the pleasure and pain,
The darkness as well as the light,
The crushing defeat or the worthy-earned gain,
Which made our lives cheerless or bright.

We will talk of the friends that were faithful and true,
Their words that brought help and good cheer,
Their deeds here and there that assisted us through
The days that were dismal and drear.

We will tell of the sorrow when, one after one,
We followed these friends to the tomb,
And how thickly clouds gathered, enshrouded life's sun
And wrapped us in darkest of gloom.

Together we'll walk through that land "Over There,"
And view every rich, cheering sight,
While together its glories and beauties we'll share
With ever-increasing delight.
But amid all this grandeur we'll never forget
The earth and its happy, bright days,
When pleasure and gladness before us were set,
Bringing joy in their many kind ways.

Yes, I'm hoping to meet all these loved ones again
"Over There," where the weary find rest,
Where the loves of this earth will be freed from all stain
And be deepened and hallowed and blest.
And I'm hoping much better to know those I meet
Than I knew them on earth here below
And, knowing them thus, that our friendship more sweet
And richer will evermore grow.

For, if "Over There," where we mortals all go
When this earth-life has come to an end,
The loved ones, known here, we there shall not know,
And friend shall not recognize friend,
That land will have little attraction for me,
Though angels its beauties proclaim,
And its brightness and pleasures most meager will be
Though Heaven be its all-charming name.

ONE MORE CHANCE.

There's a place in the past—in my own distant past—
I remember with fondest delight,
And 'tis fixed in my mem'ry forever to last,
All fresh and attractive and bright,
I'd like to go back to that beautiful spot
Where gladness and joy reigned always,
And note what I've remembered and what I've forgot
Since those youthful and care-unknown days.

Could I turn back the wheels of my "three-score and ten,"
And go over those long, weary years,
Could I visit the spot and know it as then
And forget all my hardships and tears,
How happy I'd be—and how glad grow my heart
'Mid the sun-rays of that early day,
And how bright would my life into new being start,
Like flowers in the warm month of May.

How many bright faces I'd meet here and there,
Of those I had known and had proved!
How many warm smiles and kind words everywhere
Would greet me from those I then loved!
The friends that I had and had cherished so dear,
Whose companionship made life so sweet—
What a pleasure to greet them with love all sincere,
Such as then made our friendship complete.

And the memories awakened by this or that scene,
So familiar in days long ago,
How they'd quicken the pulse and a joy rich and keen
Would cause through my being to flow!
While the home-life I'd lived in the home I had known
Where love held perpetual reign
And where seeds of pure kindness so freely were sown—
How delightful to live it again!

Yes, that life I once lived under skies bright and fair,
'Mid an atmosphere genial and mild,
With few of sore burdens, or worries to bear,
Where Fortune looked kindly and smiled,
And where loved ones came freely to help and to bless,
To ward off the evil and pain,
And to soothe every ache with a loving caress—
How delightful to live it again!

Moreover, what joy to live over that life
Where so little of evil came near,
Where of sorrow or worry, of struggle or strife,
I had little or nothing to fear;
Where all seemed so innocent, kindly and fair,
So little of wickedness wrought
That error and evil had little of share
In either my sight or my thought.

But the chiefest, the best and most fondly desired,
If I could go back to that place,
Is the chance I would have, with new vigor inspired,
To begin once again my life race.

'Twould be pleasant, I feel, to begin life anew,
To again travel over its way,
To plan for its work with the future in view
And the duties and cares of each day.

'Twould bring a delight to once more have a chance
To try at my life-work again,
To think and to plan and to work to advance
The objects I've sought to attain.
'Twould be pleasant to know I had strength to renew
The battle of life I've once fought,
For, perhaps with that strength, I might see carried through
Some schemes I have seen come to naught.

There is great satisfaction in struggling to win
For this or that object, success,
To know you're a factor in life's bustling din
Of greater importance or less—
It brings richest pleasure to know that you've done
Your full part in the battle of life—
That you've given your best, even when you've not won
In the midst of its stress and its strife.

There's great satisfaction when day after day,
You've stood for the cause you thought right
Against strong opposition in this or that way,
While making a vigorous fight,
And then have won out and a victory gained
With justice and truth on your side:
While with manhood preserved and with honor unstained,
You feel a just pride in the cause you maintained
And a joy that will ever abide.

So, could I go back and begin life anew,
It seems I could more good attain,
Could reduce my mistakes from the many to few,
For loss figure up more of gain.
The work might be harder than seems to me now,
But I'd like to begin it and try
To earn more of success, for the work anyhow
Would bring a reward rich and high.

There is so much to do that I see should be done
To build up the good and the true,
To help on the Right till a victory is won
O'er the Wrong that stands ever in view—
So much to be done for the good of mankind,
To cheer human life here and there,
To establish a brother-love thoughtful and kind
In all human hearts everywhere.

In this noble work to encourage and bless,
To uplift human life and make bright,
To stand in the ranks 'mid the struggle and stress
And do battle for Justice and Right,
I would like to bear part—to have some greater share
In helping the good work along,
To be of the number who do and who dare
In helping to crush out the Wrong.

Hence, I'd like to start out on my life-work once more
With full strength of both body and mind,
With a field broad and free, as I once had before,
To do duty wherever assigned—
I might not do work of a worthier grade,
Not show any noted advance,
Not better the record I've already made—
But I'd like—really like—one more chance.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

The nature of man has proved ever the same
Whatever the place of his dwelling;
"His full faith in 'The Old'" whate'er went or came,
Is a fact all past ages are telling.
He has bowed to "The Old," he has worshiped "The Old,"
Clung to it with utmost devotion,
And, oft when his reason condemned it, behold!
He's grown sad with regretful emotion.

And today he's the same! "The Old" holds him fast,
With the charm it has woven around him,
While he's chained in devotion to what is long past
As though some mighty giant had bound him.
With what he has learned from the ages gone by
He takes "The Old" false in full measure
And clings to it firmly with strong loyalty,
Its age making it a rich treasure.

The teachings he had in his youth's early day,
The doctrines and creeds, "sacred ever,"
As held by "The Fathers," "and truthful alway,"
Which they say he must question—no—never;
All these he finds hard to reject and turn down
After once he's believed as directed,
For always he fears the stern "orthodox" frown
If his loyalty once be suspected.

But he who would grow and develop in truth—
—Become what his Nature intended—
Must give up some things he had learned in his youth
Whether censured or freely defended.
He must stand by "The Old" while "The Old" remains good,
Must uphold it in spirit and letter,
But must turn from it promptly when once understood
There's something been found that is better.

It is true that in all of the years of the past
Earth's proud rulers have shown great devotion
To things which were "Old," while man's good they have cast
Underfoot to make sure their promotion.
War, murder and cruelty, suffering and pain
"The Old's" devotees have caused ever,
While they've halted all progress beneath their sad reign,
Having bound it with chains hard to sever.

These rulers or leaders have held fullest sway,
While the many have followed their leading—
Thus giving them strength to hold power in their day,
The rights of their fellows unheeding—
In Church and in State they have ruled with high hand
And have sought to crush all opposition,
But always a few have been found to withstand
And make war on their selfish ambition.

And. thanks to these few, man's now marching along,
His course on and upward pursuing,
Hailing every new good with his welcoming song
And glad at each old wrong's undoing.
One thing of the past may not suit for today,
Another not fit new conditions,
For while each may have suited its own age, it may
Not suit new ideals and ambitions.

There is much that is good which must ever remain—
—Good alike for each people and nation—
Being helpful to all 'mid the world's loss and gain
Whatever their calling or station.
That good we should guard and uphold with our might,
Never letting our loyalty waver,
But doing our best, with our wisdom and light,
To guard it from any disfavor.

But once having been good in an age that's gone by
Don't make a thing good in all stages
Of man's evolution, or make it apply
To all human conditions and ages.

We grow from "The Old" and into "The New"—
Advance to some higher position.
And the change that we make may likewise change our view
Of what's good for our altered condition.

Our duty demands that we grow day by day,
In wisdom forever increasing
And gaining fresh knowledge wherever we may
With effort both strong and unceasing.
The bonds that unite us to some worthless past
We should sunder at duty's dictation,
And move "Onward and Upward" with step firm and fast
To a nobler and loftier station.

But in all that we learn from within and without,
Which can help us whate'er our vocation,
The one "sacred" thing that we know aught about
Is man during this life's probation.
And this being so, whatever of work
Will make mortal life more worth living
We should readily do, if we can, and not shirk
Either planning, or doing, or giving.

There is nothing on earth that's as worthy as man—
—Naught we know that is "sacred" beside him—
And hence it becomes us to do all we can
To see that no evil betide him.
We should carefully labor to shield him from wrong,
And make it our chiefest endeavor
To guard and protect him, with will firm and strong,
From all that is ill now and ever.

Hence what has been fixed in the Church or the State—
—In Ritual—Law—Constitution—
If it fails to work good to man now, small or great,
We should change with a firm resolution.
For there's nothing that age or man's use has found good,
Though it worked in its day to perfection,
If it work not man's good as today understood,
But should meet with our promptest rejection.

When man's welfare is sought any change should be wrought,
Any altar torn down we've erected,
Any creed be erased, any dogma effaced,
Any doctrine be promptly rejected,
Any laws should be changed, and rules re-arranged,
Constitutions be altered and bettered,
Anything should be done by which good can be won
And man's progress made free and unfettered.

For all principles, dogmas and laws here or there
Are made "sacred" and claim our devotion
Only when and because they bring man his full share
Of life's good things in rightful proportion.
Man's good is the first and chief thing to be sought,
His life all should labor to brighten,
His welfare should evermore claim our best thought,
And our aim be his burdens to lighten.

The one only way we can do Heaven's will
Is by doing for man as our brother,
While our duty on this earth we wholly fulfill
When we just do for him—and no other.
We work for Heaven's God when we work for Earth's Man
And in no other way can we do it,
While the best of all prayer that we make, or we can,
Is to take up this work and pursue it.

Hence 'tis right and a duty to discard "The Old,"
When "The Old" ends it's man-helpful mission,
And to welcome "The New" with a heart firm and bold
When "The New" would improve man's condition.
For there's naught made so "sacred" by use or by age,
Or sanctioned by man's clearest vision,
If it works not man's good, but swift from life's stage
Should be hurled with our promptest decision.

For all progress is gained and all uplift attained,
All good wrought for man now and ever,
Only when with new light we work for the Right
With a constant, persistent endeavor.
Hence when truth and use state that "The Old's" out of date,
We should cast it aside with elation
And welcome "The New," when we know it is true
That 'twill work for mankind's elevation.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I was at "Our Old Home" for Thanksgiving, my friend,
And I spent with home friends that glad day—
That best of glad days that the Fates ever send
To lighten and brighten's Life's way.
You see we've all planned for full many a year
To spend our Thanksgivings at "Home,"
And this plan we'll continue, should naught interfere,
For many a year yet to come.

Did we have a good time? We most certainly did,
(For the last time's the best one alway)
We just loosened the brakes and threw off the lid
And let joy reign with full and free sway—
And under this reign a most hearty good-cheer
Filled the house and the hearts of all there,
While pleasure's bright presence was constantly near,
Shedding gladness and light everywhere.

There were father and mother—grown old, it is true—
But hearty and cheerful and bright,
With children and grand-children—there to renew
Home mem'ries with fondest delight.
These mem'ries of "Home!" How they gladden the heart
Of all who have hearts true and warm
And wake richer thoughts which ever impart
To home life new beauty and charm.

For what were we thankful? Well, thankful that we
Had something to call us back home—
A mem'ry of home-love, as boundless and free
As ever to child-life can come—
A mem'ry of those who most lovingly sought
To crown our child-life with delight,
And whose constant endeavor and most earnest thought
Were to make our home cheerful and bright.

That happy home life! How its mem'ries endure,
With its ever-abundant good-cheer,
With its helpfulness ready, its love warm and pure,
And its loyalty true and sincere.
And how well I remember to this very day
All the pleasures it brought to my life—
And how this remembrance now brightens my way
As I move daily on and take part in the fray
Of Life's constant bustle and strife.

For "Thanksgiving" means home—and home all should go—
—Dismissing all worry and care—
To spend this glad day with their home friends and so
With them home's fond mem'ries to share;
To gather together in parlor or 'round
The table weighed down with rich fare,
Where we talk of old times and find common ground
Whereon we once dwelt with our lives freely crowned
With pleasures abundant and rare.

Our childhood's bright home! What joy and delight
To go back to that home of the past,
Where we spent our young days, all so pleasant and bright,
With few clouds from the first to the last;
Where we find a companionship, always held dear,
Of those whom our early days knew,
And can trust that companionship both as sincere,
Warm-hearted and loyal and true.

We were thankful, moreover, that all were in health,
And could meet thus together once more,
And that each brought a treasure of unmeasured wealth,
In the heart-full of love that he bore.
For love is the sweetener of all true home life,
While its value can never be told,
In uniting home hearts and banishing strife,
By its methods and ways manifold.

We were thankful, again, that, with all we had had
To bless with its comfort and care,
We all possessed hearts to be thankful and glad,
For once having these good things to share.
For the secret of happiness lies in the fact
That one has that within which can see
Whate'er will make happy and then with wise tact,
Lets it work out in life full and free.

And we love this day more because we forget
For a time all vexations and strife,
The success or the failure, the hope or regret
That have brightened or darkened our life.
Thus for one day, at least, with the friends of our heart
All worry is driven away,
And we store up a cheer and a joy that impart
Their blessings for many a day.

We may boast of our palaces royal and grand,
Of their beauty beyond all compare,
Of the millions they cost and the free, lavish hand
That provides them with luxuries rare.
But a palace can't make a Thanksgiving day bright,
Or its wealth give a hearty good cheer,
Or its luxuries waken that charming delight,
Which makes a Thanksgiving day dear.

'Tis love—only love—that can gladden the day
And make it attractive to all,
With a loyal companionship, trusted alway
And responsive to love's every call.

With love and companionship even a hut,
May be made a rich palace of joy,
Where happiness reigns without one if or but,
And without any grain of alloy.

So be it remembered if Thanksgiving day
Is ever made what it can be—
If e'er 'tis lit up by the clear, brilliant ray
Of pleasure, all boundless and free,
It will be only when true love reigns supreme,
Giving out its full measure of light
And warming all hearts with its own golden beam
Of happiness, cheerful and bright.

EIGHTY YEARS OLD.

I am eighty years old—yes, eighty full years—
And I've traveled a long, rugged way,
While the burdens I once thought so light, it appears,
I'm not able to carry today.
The years have sped by with a most rapid flight,
And I scarce can recall where they've flown,
But I know they have left me in sorrowful plight—
With a weakness I cannot disown.

I go back to my childhood in mem'ry today,
Footing up both its loss and its gain,
And I find very much that made joyous my way,
Very little that caused grief or pain.
There were father and mother whose love added light
And comfort my young heart to cheer,
With brothers and sisters whose presence so bright,
Brought a pleasure both deep and sincere.

I see the plain house—to my mind just as clear
As 'twas when I lived there of old,
With all its surroundings, I knew, far and near
In their changes and forms manifold.
Yes, the house was quite plain, but a home I found there
During all of my young, tender years,
While I had in that home no real burden of care,
Or of life's many worries and fears.

That home of my childhood! How can I forget
The life that I lived there so long,
Having in it so little to cause me regret,
And so much for rejoicing and song.

As I go back today and fond memory dwells
On that picture most pleasing and bright,
My heart with emotions of gratitude swells,
And is warned with a charming delight.

Then came early school life! How well I recall
That part of my youthful career—
The teachers, the school-house, the school-mates and all
That brought me so much of good cheer.
I can see them all now just as they were then,
As they pass me in silent array,
And I almost imagine I'm with them again,
As I was in that far-off, bright day.

And when I grew older to college I went,
With ambition and purpose most high,
And today I remember the time I there spent,
As the years hurried rapidly by.
It was study, 'tis true, and quite hard study, too,
But that never caused a regret,
For my life was made glad by the good times I had
With my class-mates and others I met.

But where are they today? These school friends of old?
How've they fared in the battle of life?
There were some, starting out with hearts fearless and bold,
Who early went down in the strife,
While a few won positions of worthy degree,
And hold to them yet with hands steady and free,
But the many of all that I knew
Have reluctantly yielded to Time's stern decree,
And have bade earth a final adieu.

And full many others whose friendship was dear,
Whose companionship gave me delight,
Whose presence at all times brought comfort and cheer,
And my life made more happy and bright,
Have gone from this earth-home at Death's stern command
To join the immortal and blest,
And, though I think of them in "Heaven's Happy Land,"
My heart feels both sore and distressed.

But chiefest of all, I remember to-day
When, with friends that were loyal and true,
I went from my home to "the front" far away,
To join "The Grand Army in Blue."

That "Army in Blue!" How it dared and it wrought
The Union from evil to shield!
How it sought to maintain it and gallantly fought,
On many a dark, bloody field!

And the men who composed it! What heroes they were!
Ever ready with service or life,
And prompt at all times, both to do and to dare,
For the ending of War's bitter strife!
With pride I recall the heroic careers
Of these soldiers, the strong and the brave,
With their dangers and suff'rings, their hardships and fears,
As they labored and struggled through four cruel years
In seeking The Union to save.

Then, since the war ended and peace has held sway,
How busy the great world has been
With some vital question to settle each day,
Or some forward move to begin.
The wise have been active in helping along
Such works as would better and bless,
And the good that's resulted has wakened a song,
In many hearts sore with distress.

And reforms of all kinds have sprung up everywhere,
And improvements in every good form,
The lives of the many been freed from much care,
And much of the world's stress and storm,
While a brother-love kindness, from shore unto shore,
Has been gently asserting its reign,
And mankind has united as never before,
For their betterment, comfort and gain.

In the midst of this on-going movement for good—
This growth toward what's better and right—
I have quietly labored and wrought as I could
To discharge in the way that I best understood,
Such duties as came to my sight.
While the richest home blessings have brought me good cheer,
Through the love of a wife kind and true,
And of children—all growing the more and more dear,
As each swift year has passed in review.

This one thing I've learned as the years have passed by,
With their hurry and bustle and strife,
That the friendships we form which love only can buy,
Give the only real charm to this life.

For, with no faithful friends to encourage and cheer,
To give help when misfortunes befall,
This world of all places would be the most drear,
And this life not worth living at all.

It is true, many times I have found the road rough,
And the clouds have been black overhead,
While the Future has seemed dark and cheerless enough,
To fill me with worry and dread.
But, as I moved onward, the clouds disappeared,
The future a bright form displayed,
While the road became smooth and the ills that I feared,
Wrought little of evil or never appeared,
And so I've gone forward and had my heart cheered
With more of life's sunshine than shade.

Hence, I feel, when I note the advance in my day
And compare it with History's page,
That I can most justly and truthfully say:
"I have lived in the world's greatest age."
And so while I wait for my last sun to set,
Thus ending my earthly career,
I can look to the past with but little regret,
To the future without any fear.

BROTHER LOVE.

If we could see others as they themselves see
And they could see us as we are,
How carefully guarded our censure would be,
When others go wrong here and there!
We would not judge so hastily, freely or ill,
Or condemn with so little of light,
But would strive, while our duty we seek to fulfill,
As "our brother's keeper" with hearty good will,
To lead him in ways that are right.

We frequently blame one for what he has done,
Condemn him for some "hateful sin,"
When, if Fate had decreed that his course we should run,
Far greater our sin might have been.
It is easy to blame when a brother goes wrong,
To declare that he's needlessly frail,
Forgetting too often that he may belong
To those who've had little to help them along,
And little to make them courageous and strong,
To resist when temptations assail.

Men rarely do wrong because loving the bad,
Or loving to do the wrong thing,
But simply to get some good thing they've not had
And which the wrong-doing will bring.
Could this good thing be had without going astray,
Or doing the wrong to obtain,
They would gladly prefer to obtain it that way,
And be much the more happy if able to say:
"This good thing has on it no stain"

Before we condemn the wrong-doer at all,
We should labor sincerely to learn,
What led him astray—how came he to fall,
And to evil so sadly to turn?
He may have been weak by his nature and frail,
His child-life unhelped by love's light,
His environments wrong with a smooth downward trail,
And, with little to aid him where much should prevail,
He grew up too weak, when temptations assail,
To stand firm for the True and the Right.

We may be much better—and stronger in will—
Than the wrong doing one we condemn;
Perhaps we are abler Life's work to fulfill,
In the mission of man among men;
But, when we look inward, what frailty appears,
How many defects do we see,
And we're led, if we're honest, to have many fears
That, with no better chance in our life's early years,
We'd have no better record than he.

It is right to condemn most severe now and then,
And to punish with vigorous arm,
To let it be known that all true, noble men,
Hate the working of all needless harm,
But, in doing all this, we should evermore know
That we all to do evil are prone—
That, while frowning down wrong wheresoever we go,
Only he "without sin" can just censure bestow,
Or can rightfully "cast the first stone."

What a change for the good and the true there would be,
What a blessing to all here and there,
How quickly a Heaven on earth we should see,
Bringing happiness true, rich and rare,
If all of earth's mortals would greet with good cheer,
Each other with brotherly love,
And would show to each one, high or low, far or near,
A brother's regard, with a purpose sincere,
A brother's affection to prove.

HAND AND HEART GIFTS.

The gifts of the hand may be silver or gold,
And valued at price rich and rare,
But the value of heart-gifts can never be told,
For they're ladened with blessings in form manifold,
And with love far beyond all compare.

The gifts of the hand may be pleasing and bright,
With many wierd charms for the eye,
But the gifts of the heart, though not aimed to delight
Any mere outward sense, yet the Soul's inner sight
Sees in them a charm that makes day of grief's night,
And gives joy for the tear and the sigh.

The gifts of the hand may seem lasting and sure,
Yet they perish with moth and with rust,
But the gifts of the heart, being love-rich and pure,
With healing and comfort will ever endure
Though the giver be laid in the dust.

The gifts of the hand may bring wealth full and free,
Which gives joy to the selfish and vain,
But the heart-gifts, all sweetened with warm charity,
Cause sorrow and anguish to take wings and flee,
And lighten the Soul's deepest pain.

The gifts of the hand may bring something of cheer,
To lives lived in a mere worldly way,
But the gifts of the heart, always pure and sincere,
Will bring a rich joy that will ne'er disappear,
But will last throughout Life's longest day.

The gifts of the hand can only supply,
The wants of our bodily frame,
But the gifts of the heart drive the tears from the eye,
And bring rest to the Soul in its sad misery,
Too sweet for us mortals to name.

The gifts of the hand may wake loudest of praise,
For the givers who're seeking renown,
But the gifts of the heart, in their own modest ways,
Waken gladness and hope 'mid the darkest of days,
Regardless of favor or frown.

The gifts of the hand may help people to grow
In affairs of a worldly estate,
But the gifts of the heart will help people to know
A soul-growth and mind-growth, most worthy, and so
To become truly noble and great.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Yes—in our married life we have reached, as you say,
The end of our fiftieth year,
And this is our Golden—most bright—Wedding Day,
To be hailed with all hearty good cheer.
'Tis a day to give thanks and be joyous and glad,
That our lives have been spared us so long,
That so many of earth's rich and good things we've had—
So many to cheer, and so few to make sad,
And that now we're so hearty and strong.

So we'll welcome the day and rejoice heartily,
As we think of the years that have gone,
And of all the rich blessings they've brought you and me
As they have moved steadily on.
We have journeyed together, as husband and wife,
Through the fifty long years that have passed,
And whether our way has been marked by fierce strife,
Or sunshine and pleasure have gladdened our life.
Our love has been true and steadfast.

How swiftly these years have gone hurrying by!
And, as we review them today,
We can scarce realize, although hard we may try,
That they're hastened so quickly away—
But 'tis true they have gone, and all that remains
Of the stores that they brought full and free—
The sunshine and shadows, the losses and gains,
The sorrow and laughter, the pleasure and pains—
Is what's treasured in fond memory.

And so we go back as fond memory leads
Over all these long years passed away,
And gladly recall what we gained for our needs
And what helped us in life's busy fray.
We note the successes we won here and there,
The failures we made now and then,
The carrying of burdens we scarcely could bear,
The experiences such that no others could share,
The days that were dark and the days that were fair,
All working a soul-growth we could not well spare
Which, without these, would never have been.

We recall the glad times when together we stood,
And promised to each to be true,
As husband and wife amid evil or good,
In sunshine or shade, all life through.

How hopeful we grew as these thoughts came to mind:
"We will live with each other alway,
Will enjoy all the good things, our labor can find,
And all that comes to us from hands that are kind,
Will accept all life's hardships while feeling inclined,
To bear them with patience and spirits resigned,
And be more and more happy each day."

How bright were our hearts when possession we took
Of the first little house that we bought—
All paid for in cash and with no anxious look,
For some note whose prompt payment was sought.
Then the planning, the buying and furnishing came,
An experience we never had known,
And when, with such work as it's useless to name,
We found all completed, we felt we could claim,
A home that was truly our own.

And what pleasure we had—what abundant content,
In starting our home-life—all new—
And what good things came to us, as onward we went,
That brought us a joy rich and true.
Then children appeared, and the pleasures before
Were increased far beyond all compare,
And our joy-cup so filled that its contents ran o'er,
While we felt, with so much, we could ask for no more,
But had some little portion to spare.

We remember the time when we started to gain
A place 'mid the world's busy throng,
And how fully we trusted our own hand and brain,
To win a place lasting and strong.
Our hearts were inspired with youth's most cheerful hope,
And we looked to a future all bright,
With no storm-clouds to darken our life's horoscope,
But all things to buoy our young spirits up,
And to make our hearts cheerful and light.

How gladly we sacrificed, struggled and wrought,
And counselled and planned day by day,
And how happy we were when the goal that we sought,
We had reached in our own well-planned way.
We started with little, and hence all we gained,
By our own faithful labor and skill,
We felt we had earned, and so were not pained
Thinking some one was wronged, and thus we retained
Self-respect and all others' good-will.

But time works sad changes! The roses will fade,
The sunshine be followed by rain,
And man's many plannings, though skillfully laid,
Will be shattered again and again.
And Death entered our home, all so cheerful and bright,
Took two of our children away,
Barred out from our life all the sunshine and light,
And wrapped our sore hearts in the blackness of night,
Making dark all the glad hours of day.

So the deepest of sorrow as well as great joy,
We have known in these long fifty years,
And, despite all the means we've been wont to employ.
To ward off its sighs and its tears,
It has often persisted our home to invade,
Bringing to us deep suff'ring and pain,
And crushing out wholly the joy-plans we'd made,
And leaving for sunshine the darkest of shade
Which, it seemed, would forever remain.

But while all of this change we were called to pass through
Of sunshine and shade here and there—
Our faith in each other most steadily grew,
By what we were called on to bear.
And our mutual love waxed strong more and more,
As together we sorrowed and joyed,
While we found that we had, as we studied them o'er,
Much higher ideals of this earth-life in store,
Than ever we'd had; and we thence made a start,
To attain these ideals with a resolute heart,
And a zeal we had never employed.

And now, after trav'ling through all these past years,
We find we are feeble and old,
And our long-wedded life, with its joys and its tears,
Seems passed "as a tale that is told."
Our children have married, and gone their own way,
Among the great world's busy throng,
While we, ever mindful, from day unto day,
That we, on this earth, cannot much longer stay,
In our own quiet way plod along.

But, while thus reviewing our long-wedded life,
Counting up both its loss and its gain,
Recalling its struggles, its conflicts and strife,
And all of its pleasure and pain,
We can say, of a truth, while the years have passed by,
With a swiftness that could not be stayed,

And while they've oft given us a dark-clouded sky
And caused us much sorrow and sore agony,
    They have brought us more sunshine than shade.

Even now, when we know our earth-life must soon end,
    We find much both to comfort and cheer.
For we have the respect of full many a friend
    And esteem that is true and sincere.
Then our children grow more and more dear every day,
    And their love gives us constant delight,
While their thoughtful endeavors—the kind words they say
To lessen our burdens and lighten our way,
    Bring us much that is cheerful and bright.

And so, while recalling the years that have gone,
    We are thankful for all that we've had,
To give to us pleasure as we've journeyed on,
    And to lighten and make our hearts glad.
We owe much to kind friends, who, with help and good cheer,
    Were such factors in brightening our way,
And more to our children whose attentive ear,
Heard our every faint call and who'd promptly appear,
To assist when our path became too rough or drear,
To help drive from our hearts any sorrow or fear,
And to banish all clouds and thus make our sky clear.
But most to each other we owe, for the near
And loved presence of each, in its helpful career,
And love each for each and devotion sincere,
    Brought to us new pleasures each day.

But, while we are thankful for all that was fair,
    And cheering and pleasant and good,
We are thankful for failures—defeats here and there—
    Which often were not understood.
But we learned in good time that these things were all sent,
    As blessings in well-meant disguise,
For we came well to know that the surest ascent,
To the true and the noble could never be meant
To be made but by struggle and conflict with ill,
And work against odds some set task to fulfill,
Thus increasing his strength of both body and will,
    And making the struggles more wise.

So, while we are thankful for all that has come,
    To work for us comfort and cheer,
To encourage our hearts and to brighten our home,
    And to help us round out life's career,

We'll be all to each other as calmly we wait
The end of our fast-fading day,
Well pleased with the past, with no fears, small or great,
Of what may await us in some future state,
But contented and happy alway.

OLD AGE HAS BOTH SADNESS AND JOY.

It is sad to be "laid on the shelf," my friend,
To grow old and be "laid on the shelf,"
To feel the age come that makes energy numb,
And takes by a gradual stealth
Away from us mortals the wealth,
Of vigor and strength and good health,
And leaves but a weak, feeble self,
Unfitted to do or to dare,
Or life's heavy burdens to bear,
And unable to help or to share
In the work to be done here and there,
To relieve human suff'ring and care,
And to build up the good everywhere,
And thus you're made fully aware,
That your body's a wreck and nowhere
Can be found any means of repair,
While this thought you must evermore face:
That the work-shop of life has no space,
Where again you can e'er have a place.
Yes! 'Tis sad to be "laid on the shelf."

But joy may come to the old, my friend,
To the old who are "laid on the shelf."
It will come to each one who Life's battle has won,
Who has sought to develop and grow,
That the Right he more clearly may know,
And the Wrong deal his heaviest blow,
Thus shaping his actions that so
He may prove himself ever the foe,
Of all that's unjust here below,
And may have a clean record to show,
That he's ever unflinchingly stood,
For all that is worthy and good;
And who knows that, with vigor and zest,
He has sought to give ever his best,
Whene'er he's been put to the test,
And has earned—justly earned—a long rest—
Yes! There's joy for one "laid on the shelf."

It is sad to look over the past, my friend.
For the old to look over the past,
To recall the dark days with no bright, cheering rays,
The failures that came here and there,
The hardships, the trials, the care,
The roads steep and rough everywhere,
And the heart-aches no others could share.
Then the record that shows where you strayed,
The mistakes that you frequently made,
The word or the deed that displayed
Where the Right was most sadly betrayed,
And the Wrong given much cheering aid,
Or some plan most dishonestly laid,
Which might bring to some others the sorest of pain,
But to you could bring naught save some ill-gotten gain.
Yes! 'Tis sad to look over the past.

But it may bring a joy to look, my friend,
To the old to look over the past,
To note the glad hours with their sunshine and flowers,
The friends who were faithful and true,
The kind words and kind deeds not a few,
Which they gave with this object in view.
To rouse courage some fight to renew,
And to help you some hard struggle through;
And then to recall the brave fight,
Where you strove with a valorous might,
For the cause you believed to be right,
And thought, if 'twas won, 'twould make bright,
And bring hope and good cheer and delight,
To hearts wrapped in the darkness of night,
While the battling, the struggle, the care,
The burdens so heavy to bear,
The failures that came here and there,
Wrought a soul-growth beyond all compare.
All these must bring joy rich and rare,
To the old who've had in them due share,
And have learned the rich lessons they bear—
To the old who look over the past.

It is sad on the present to dwell, my friend,
For the old on the present to dwell;
To know you've no place in the on-going race,
And with the great crowd can no longer keep pace,
But must stay in the rear whatsoever the case,
And "take a back seat" with a sad, wrinkled face,
Thinking over it all with not much of good grace,
But wishing you might, in some manner, erase,
The last forty years and go back o'er that space.

To Vigor and Youth which you know would efface,
The weakness of age and would break the embrace
Of Time's rugged arms and would start you anew,
With strength all sufficient Life's work to pursue.
It also brings sadness to watch the great throng—
To which you well know you no longer belong,
And can join nevermore though the Fates may prolong
Your life for some years yet earth's mortals among—
Moving on with firm steps and hearts fearless and strong,
And raising glad voices in soul-cheering song,
As they win for the Right and vanquish the Wrong.
These thoughts to the old may bring sadness of heart,
With a pain and a sting that may never depart.
While they on the present may dwell.

But it may be a joy to dwell, my friend,
For the old on the present to dwell;
To know that the work that you ne'er sought to shirk,
Will be carried along by the able and true,
Who perhaps may be wiser and stronger than you,
Who'll devise some new plans and new methods pursue,
To help out the many instead of the few,
And to better mankind and to give each his due,
While they'll labor with zeal and give of their might,
To help on all work that may come to their sight,
Which will give human life more of comfort and light,
By crushing the Wrong and upholding the Right—
To know all of these should bring richest delight,
To the hearts of all those who've been true in Life's fight—
And, when old, on the present may dwell.

It is sad on the future to think, my friend,
For the old on the future to think.
For the days, as they come, remain silent and dumb,
And tell us no word of the future in view,
And although we may long for some message that's true,
Of the life of the morrow, they bring nothing new,
In regard to that life, while they give us no clew,
Or hint of a plan that will best help us through,
In living that life when its coming is due.
Even when these days come they ne'er deign to show,
Whence came we to this life or whither we go,
When our sojourn is ended on earth here below,
And we're thus left in darkest of mystery so
That Life's deepest problems we never can know,
But are forced to much guess-work and blindly we're led,
Not knowing the future one moment ahead.
And so we must wait throughout Life's closing days,
Compelled on this sad, darkened future to gaze,

While we well understand that to us nevermore.
Will it bring back our strength or our vigor restore,
And will nevermore free us from weakness and pain,
Or fit us to enter Life's work-field again.
Yes! 'Tis sad on the future to think

But it may be a joy to think, my friend,
For the old on the future to think.
For there's so much to do that we know must go through;
For the strong will be working with courage and might,
To cheer human life and to make it more bright,
To bring to earth's lone ones some comfort and light,
And to lead all mankind to do only the Right.
Hence we may be assured that the day will appear,
When the Wrong will be vanquished and Right, far and near,
Will reign undisputed, with never a fear.
That an end will e'er come to its glorious career,
While, under its rule, joy will banish the tear,
And all human hearts will be filled with good cheer,
Brought about by a brother-love rich and sincere—
Hence if we have faith in the Right, strong and clear,
'Twill be joy on the future to think.

Yes! Old Age has both sadness and joy, my friend,
Old Age has both sadness and joy—
The sad comes along, or the glad with its song,
And they greet us the same as in youth's sunny clime,
Or when they appeared in strong manhood's full prime,
And they chant the same sadd'ning or soul-cheering rhyme,
Well suited to both the occasion and time.
But while the old sit with the records they've made,
And think of the past by fond mem'ry displayed,
Or dwell on the present, however arrayed,
Or look to the future unable to grade
The proportion 'twill bring them of sunshine and shade,
If they've stood for the True and the Right not betrayed,
They will find that, when all things are properly weighed,
Their lives have known much more of sunshine than shade,
Yes, much more of sunshine than shade.

The old may have comforting thoughts, my friend,
The old may have comforting thoughts.
From the years of the past they should learn and hold fast
This thought—that man's plans should be laid,
And his efforts be constantly made,
For this earth-life, whatever its grade,
To be lived in the sun, not the shade,
And hence when the past they invade,

They should seek for the bright spots displayed.
And when on the present they dwell,
They should aim all that's dark to dispel,
And should look to the future with hearts unperplexed,
Feeling all will be well both in this world and next.
And so they should live, getting much of life's sun,
Being certain that when their life-race has been run,
They will say their good-nights, and will go to their rest,
But to wake up at morn in "the land of the blest,"
Where goodness and love will hold sway everywhere,
And they'll live evermore without sorrow or care—
Yes! The old may have comforting thoughts.

THE SOUL'S REST.

Of all the various thoughts we find,
Puzzling, with doubt, the human mind,
One thought is chief and o'er the Soul,
Reigns ever with supreme control:
"There's rest ahead—life's better part"—
Comes cheering to each weary heart.
And how they best this rest may find.
Is puzzling greatly all mankind.

A trance came o'er me, with a bound,
I sped the spacious earth around,
Beheld its race—one mighty throng—
With eager hearts hurrying along,
Seeking this rest. Saw, too, the crowd,
Who'd started out with shouting loud,
Oft turn about, much grieved and pained,
To find their object not attained.

As were the men, so various too,
I thought the paths they did pursue.
One man there was who, being told
Of mines of silver, beds of gold,
In richness great, thought to himself:
"Rest comes to all who have great wealth."
And, thinking thus, I saw a smile
Glowing upon his face the while,
And through his mind bright visions passed,
Bright as the rays which overcast,
The earth at noon-day when the sun,
The acme of his course has won—
Charmed by these visions, hope inspired,
His eye grew bright, his senses fired.

I saw him as he onward bent,
His eager footsteps, scarce content,
To rest a moment, lest the prize,
Whereon he'd fixed his longing eyes,
Should take it wings and vanish quite,
Like shadows, from his anxious sight,
Mid cold and heat, with struggling wan,
I saw him daily plodding on
The same broad pathway, and, at length,
When worn his body, gone his strength,
When wealth a glittering store'd bestowed,
Till all his coffers overflowed,
I heard him, while with grief oppressed,
Murmur: "My Soul yet seeketh rest."

I saw another—one who thought
Rest for the soul was only bought
With worldly honors, stations high,
Or titles of nobility.
With dauntless heart and iron will,
He struggled slowly up the hill,
Where fame resides, gained its tall height,
Gazed round him with unfeigned delight;
Sought honor's fount and, with free will,
Drank of its waters to his fill;
Heard far and near his once poor name,
Made noted by the trump of fame;
Heard the applauding, fawning crowd,
As in meek reverence it bowed,
Speak loud his praises, tell his worth,
Extol the honors of his birth.
Unnumbered hosts his deeds admired,
And Praise stepped forth, richly attired,
To chant his name and, as she sang,
Their voices in the chorus rang,
Telling his virtues, making known,
The worthy deeds that he had done.
Thus was his cherished object gained,
The acme of his hopes attained,
Yet many a groan escaped his breast,
Telling his Soul had not found rest.

I saw another—on the plain,
Where war and strife and tumult reign,
He stood, and to himself he said:
Upon the Conqueror's glorious bed,
I doubt not that my Soul can find,
Rest of the richest, sweetest kind."

Thus said he and, as soon as said,
His warriors into battle led;
The soil with human gore imbued,
The earth with human bodies strewed,
Drove myriads trembling from his path,
As wind dispels the nimble chaff;
Saw where'er passed the battle's storm,
Destruction rear its horrid form,
Saw kingdoms tremble at his frown,
Cities in ruin crumble down,
Rulers dragged headlong from their seat,
And kings, as suppliants, at his feet.

Now smiled he when his task was done,
His conquests o'er, his triumph won,
The victor's wreath, not thinking how
'Twas won. he bound about his brow,
And, seated on a royal throne,
Saw nations vast his sceptre own.
Yet oft, when he reviewed the past,
I saw a cloud his brow o'ercast,
And heard, while tear-drops dimmed his eye,
And bitter grew his agony,
A murmur from his aching breast,
Which told his Soul had found no rest.

There was another who maintained,
Rest for the Soul could be attained
By pilgrimage. With eager heart
And mind firm set, I saw him part
From home and friends, and bend his way,
To where he thought this rest might lay.
O'er lofty hills, 'mid forests green,
Through valleys deep he might be seen,
Plodding along, foot-sore and faint,
Without regret, without complaint.
Wasted and weak, with labor worn,
At length he reached "the sacred bourn,"
Where he supposed his Soul would find,
Rest of the sweetest, purest kind.
Yet from the spot he turned away,
And sadly thus I heard him say:
"My soul sought rest, but ah! it found
Unrest to everywhere abound."

There was another who retired,
From earth's great bustle, and attired
In robes monastic, thought the rest,
At once the purest and the best,

Was found alone in the deep cell
Where he, in solitude, could dwell.
I saw him through the darkened gloom,
That hung around his living tomb,
In deepest anguish—for each sin,
That rose his secret heart within,
He strove with sigh and many a groan,
And deepest penance to atone.
And sometimes in the furious heat,
Of agony his breast he'd beat
With fearful strokes. And many a day
Turn from his food, untouched, away,
Thus hoping to allay the pain
And anguish which did ever reign
Within his bosom—but, alas!
Days, weeks and months alike did pass,
Yet deep remorse without control
Tortured, both night and day, his Soul,
And, though long-sought, long-looked-for, rest,
Ne'er found a dwelling in his breast.

There came another, but of all
Who sought for rest, both great and small,
None was so foolish—none like he,
Acted with such stupidity.
Of all the places, earth around,
Wherein his object might be found,
He sought, and only sought, where he
Should know 'twas likely not to be.
I saw him with the giddy throng,
Deranged with wine, hurrying along
The banquet hall. And now he smiled,
And now, with curses loud and wild,
Raved madly. And, most full and free,
Of vice and immorality
He drank, then turned and drank again
As though unable to refrain.
The hope, that once, with courage high,
Had nerved his heart and fired his eye
For noble deeds, had vanished quite
Before the wine cup's fearful blight.
The sensual feast, the midnight bowl
Had choked those yearnings of his soul
For Truth and Right, of virtue born,
So fondly nursed in Life's fair morn.
And now a wreck, abject he stood,
Enchained to ill, robbed of the good,
Stained with misdeeds, in vileness brave,

Sin's veriest dupe and meanest slave.
Yet once he paused; some innate force
Had stayed him in his downward course,
And, while with grief and shame oppressed
And anguish gnawing at his breast,
The truth he saw and thus he said:
"I sought for rest, but found instead
Remorse and misery which impart,
Naught but disquiet to my heart."

There passed another who had more,
Than any I had seen before!
Of wisdom true. On every side
I saw him look, slow to decide
Which path to take, and oft he stood
Betwixt the evil and the good,
Enchained by doubt, unable well
The evil from the good to tell.
Yet, ever as he could discern
One from the other, he would turn,
Choose first the good, then haste away
Evil to shun—the good obey.
One path and only one, he trod,
The path of virtue, and his God,
Ideals most high to which he paid
Homage most loyal and obeyed
Their wise commands. His beacon light
His own clear mind. Through Earth's dark night.
His pilot was the Right, his sun
Warm Love. With Justice free he talked
As friend to friend, and close he walked
With Charity, as sister, dear,
Whom he revered with love sincere.
He lived to act and to do good
To all about him, and he stood
For "Golden Rule" and "Neighbor Love,"
And, by his life, he sought to prove
That he the happiest will be
Who does his duty full and free
By living these in thought and deed
Without regard to other creed.
For "Golden Rule" and "Neighbor Love"
Was all asked for by Heaven above
Or earth beneath (so his thought ran)—
Man doing for his fellow man.
Unlike the rest, who met my sight,
He ne'er turned back, but with delight
Pursued his way, and like them not

He ne'er repented of his lot,
Or faltered, but, with spirit free,
Even contented seemed to be.
  Thus, free from all the woes of life,
Triumphant o'er its care and strife,
Scorning alike the guilt and sin
That reign the selfish heart within,
He paused and bowed himself in prayer
Before his God and offered there
His vows sincere and, as he prayed,
Hope, Faith and Joy, alike displayed
In thought and feeling, but expressed
That he had found the Soul's true rest.

No more I saw—Yet here could find
A lesson of the richest kind—
A lesson which I felt impart
This vital truth unto my heart:
The Soul hath its own element
In which alone it finds content,
And in that element the Right,
The Good, the True reign in their might
And every soul who'd happy be
Must yield to their authority.
Like all things else which God hath made,
The Soul hath its own limits laid,
Within which limits, if contained,
The sweetest, truest rest is gained.
But let it once those bounds o'ergo,
For rest it findeth only woe,
And, like the bird that skims the air,
Sporting amid the heaven's bright glare,
If taken from its element
Is full of grief and discontent;
So is the Soul if not confined
Within the sphere which God assigned;
It feels no touch of Joy's caress,
But finds all care and deep distress.
  'Tis true its nature clearly proves
That rest is what the Soul most loves,
And for this rest it will contend
Unhappy till it gains its end.
And yet, the more for rest sincere
It seeks without its proper sphere,
The further from this rest 'twill be,
The deeper grow its misery.
But, when within its proper bound,
It seeks for rest—there rest is found,

And though Life's storms rage wild and high,
And fierce winds beat the angry sky,
Though sorrows gather thick and fast,
Misfortune blows its fiercest blast,
Though earth may shake from pole to pole,
Without a bound, without control,
The Soul, though cradled in its wrath,
Will at its frantic fury laugh,
And, trampling all beneath its feet,
Will rise triumphant to its seat
And there enjoy, unknown to woes,
A sweet and undisturbed repose.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Yes! This is your anniversary day—
—The end of your seventy-fifth year—
And you've journeyed a long and a devious way.
Bright at times and then cloudy and drear.
What a lengthy existence to have on this earth!
And what changes you've seen here and there,
Some bringing to mortals much gladness and mirth,
And some much of sorrow and care.

As you look back today o'er the many long years
Whose ills you've so ably withstood,
With their sorrow and gladness, their hopes and their fears,
Working either some evil or good,
You will promptly recall all your own ups and downs,
With the joys and the sorrows that came,
The good things that Fortune bestowed—and the frowns—
The reverses you've had and the victor's glad crowns
All of which you can readily name.

It is surely a time for most hearty good cheer,
For friends to speak words warm and kind;
For congratulations from all who are dear,
With their prayers and good wishes combined;
Hence your husband and children step forth to express
Our pleasure and hearty delight
At having your presence yet with us to bless,
With your kindness of heart and your loving caress
To help us in living lives noble and true,
In upholding the Right in whatever we do,
And in making our days ever bright.

Yes! We're happy, indeed, to know that your life
Has been spared to us all to this day,
That, as we have moved forward 'mid Earth's stress and strife,
You have been such a factor, as mother and wife,
In smoothing and brightening our way.
What you have been to us we never can tell,
As a helper, adviser and friend,
And what you have done all dark clouds to dispel
And our lives all to brighten we'll cherish full well
Till this earth-life and memory end.

And we know you've been happy in all that you've done—
—Helping others from day unto day—
While, doing for husband and children, you've won
Our love and devotion alway.
And so our good wishes and prayers we unite
That, both for your own sake and ours,
The Fates may all find it their chiefest delight
To grant you as many more years of Earth's light
As you've already had and may make these years bright
With abundance of sunshine and flowers.

As your husband I've lived with you near fifty years,
And hence should a something more know
Of what your life's been—something more than appears
From what mere observation may show.
And I speak but small part of the truth when I say
That, during our long wedded life,
You have been ever faithful, from day unto day,
To both children and me in the most loving way,
As an ever fond mother and wife.

How long have I known you? Go back many years
To that early and fondly loved home
Where you lived your young life amid all that endears
And where little unpleasant dared come,
There, with father and mother and sisters so dear,
And brothers about you alway,
I first saw your face, with your purpose sincere,
To plan and to help and, with hearty good cheer,
To build up a home-life attractive and bright
So that all could enjoy it with constant delight
And be happy from day unto day.

I call to mind also those bright college days
When often we met here and there,
As we journeyed along in our different ways,
With but little of worry or care.

I knew you then slightly and never once thought,
With the changes to come in my life,
And with all the good things that might chance to be brought
To cheer me and bless as I struggled and wrought,
That you'd be the person to comfort my heart
And the richest of Life's richest blessings impart
By becoming my true, loyal wife.

You'll recall that glad day when we took that stern vow
To be husband and wife evermore,
But permitted to know nothing more then than now
Of the Future's most bountiful store.
You'll recall how we started out bravely to fight
Life's battle and win a success,
How the sky of our future seemed cloudless and bright,
With nothing unpleasant or sadd'ning in sight,
While our hearts overflowed with a hopeful delight
We imagined could never be less.

And now, after out of your seventy-five years,
You have lived nearly fifty with me,
You know married life, not as it appears,
But as 'tis in "stern reality."
You know of its hardships, vexations and cares
Which darken full often its way,
And of the full measure of good things it bears
The home-life to brighten and all that it spares
Of worry and pain in Life's fray.

Today we go back and look over the way
That together we've trod here and there,
Calling clearly to mind the unpleasant, dark day
As well as the day that was fair.
We know that we've had deepest sorrow and pain,
With discomforts both trying and sore,
While we also have had much success with its gain
And our full share of blessings and good to sustain,
And to bring to us joy in rich store.

Yes! Many bright days in our life we have had,
Bringing much of warm sunshine and cheer,
And many good things that have made our hearts glad
Have come to us year after year—
Our love for each other—of all things, the best—
Has given us a constant delight,
And the loves of our children have made our lives blest,
Driving far from our hearts much of care and unrest
And making them cheerful and bright.

But, while we've had pleasure, we've also had pain,
And bright sunshine's been followed by storm,
And after great gladness, again and again
We've had grief in its cruelest form—
Death has entered our house-hold and taken away
Two children we cherished most dear,
Thus robbing our home of the brightness of day
And leaving our hearts with no comforting ray
Of aught that could bring us good cheer.

Se we've journeyed along 'mid both sunshine and shade,
Striving ever to give of our best
To help on the Right as each day's calls were made,
To weaken the Wrong of whate'er form or grade,
And to make all about us who needed our aid
To be always happy and blest.
And, through the experience together we've known,
Our love's become more and more strong,
While nearer in fellowship true we have grown,
And our hearts learned to beat in a much sweeter tone
And in harmony rich which we both can but own
Tuned our lives to a happier song.

And now, after all of your seventy-five years
With the years spent as mother and wife,
Your husband and children, for all that endears
You to them in this mortal life,
Come forward their thanks and their love to express
And to crown you the noblest and best
Of all womankind and to pray God to bless
And to keep you from all that brings care or distress,
And to grant you full many long years yet to live
And to give you the best that His hand has to give
These years to make happy and blest.

SURPRISES.

Were the hearts of mankind all exposed to our view—
—The hearts of each neighbor and friend—
And could we read their contents—the fixed and the true,
With their all from beginning to end—
How many surprises we'd meet here and there,
How many new characters see,
How many opinions, considered as fair,
We'd be forced to abandon because made aware
That they failed with the facts to agree.

If we could see others as they themselves see
And know them as they really are,
Could measure, in fact and in fullest degree,
Their true and exact character,
How many a hero would vanish from sight
And idol would be overthrown,
How changed be the world and, with much added light,
Some lives most obscure would shine dazzlingly bright
And others, descending from some lofty height,
Would find dwelling among "the unknown."

Some of those we'd respected and honored the most,
Having crowned them with virtues most high,
Would pass from our light and quickly be lost
In the great common crowd hurrying by,
While of those we'd avoided—the every-day plain
Whom we scarce ever thought of at all,
Some would come promptly forward and quickly would gain
Our highest regard which they'd ever retain
As true heroes whate'er might befall.

Yes! Surprises would meet us from every known side,
From those we'd thought little about—
From those we'd imagined must ever abide
With the hosts counted "clear down and out."
We'd find in the hearts of full many of such
Rich germs which we ne'er understood,
And which only needed the nourishing touch
Of some kindly helper, to yield the world much
Of that which is lastingly good.

The great common throng passes quietly by,
And we note very little of worth
Among its vast numbers, except they supply
Some few of the dwellers on earth.
We think one and all as of little account,
Knowing naught of what's worthy and true,
Having nothing about them to help them to mount
To any high place where their service may count
In helping their fellow's life through.

And yet among these full many there are
Who are making a brave, manly fight
(While bearing huge burdens of worry and care)
For the True and the Good and the Right;
While full many others, if given a chance
And a little of help now and then;
Would rise in their manhood and lead the advance
In all noble work and thus would enhance
The richness of life among men.

For the noblest, the truest, the best of mankind
Are not always the ones who appear
In the highest of places, where they're sure to find
Admirers from far and from near.
But often are those whose lives are obscure,
Who labor and struggle each day
To do their full duty with purposes pure,
Aiming ever to help some few evils to cure,
Though it be in the most humble way.

Moreover we know, 'mid the bustle and strife
In pushing all good work along,
That our progress is slow in the bettering of life
Without help from the great common throng,
And we rarely can carry a good measure through
And maintain it in force firm and sure,
Unless we secure the support strong and true
Of those all around us who only pursue
A life the most plain and obscure.

There is more or less goodness in each human heart,
More or less of the worthy and true,
And this into healthy, strong being will start
If once given love's sunshine and dew.
'Tis neglect and environment nourish the bad
And cause it to flourish and grow
In most erring hearts which, if only they had
Love's training and care, would grow to be glad
And bright with pure Virtue's warm glow.

Hence "Duty Call" bids us be kindly and true
To all we may meet on our way,
Giving aid here and there with this object in view
To help onward our fellows alway.
For the world of humanity only will grow
To be better through kindness and love,
And hence we should labor our kindness to show
And on each needy mortal some good to bestow
And thus our true brother love prove.

WHEN TO "CAST THE FIRST STONE."

Before we find fault with mankind here and there
Or our neighbors just over the way—
Before we condemn them or merely declare
They are not to be trusted alway,

Let us scan our own records and see how we stand
In the line of what's worthy and good,
Let us learn if we have any right to demand
Our fellows' respect because, with heart and hand,
We have wrought as we best understood.

Before we speak ill of some person we know
Because he did this or that thing—
Before we turn censor and hasten to show
The facts in some charge we may bring,
Let us learn what a training that person has had,
What a chance has been his in life's race,
And then ask if our record would not be as bad
As is his and its ending as woefully sad,
Had our lot been to act in his place.

Before we heap censure on any frail one
Who is struggling in life's bitter fight—
Before we denounce him for what he has done
That we think is not true to the Right,
Let us carefully study our acts in the past,
Call to mind what we've done here and there,
Be sure that our influence for right has been cast,
That we've done our full duty from first to the last
And been true to what's good everywhere.

Before we pick flaws with the record that's made
By this or that one we may know—
Before we assert that some mortal has strayed
From the way in which all men should go;
Let us look to ourselves and see if full clear
Are our own lives without and within,
And if we can say truly to all far and near
That we've constantly labored with purpose sincere
These lives to keep free from all sin.

Before we condemn the course others pursue
In the doing of things their own way—
Before we complain, from our one-sided view,
Of their actions in life's bitter fray,
Let's be sure that our actions have been for the best
And that we, as the years roll along,
Are faithfully living at honor's behest
And can feel, if once put to the most rigid test,
We would prove in all good to be strong.

Before we pass judgment on some fellow man
For what we think is some wicked act—
Before we accuse him of some vicious plan
Which seems proven by this or that fact,

Let's be fully convinced that our own acts have been
In accord with the best moral light,
And that we have been true to the noblest within
The natures we have and that we have walked in
The path of the Worthy and Right.

It is easy to see when our neighbor goes wrong,
To find fault with the thing he may do,
To note here and there, as he journeys along,
Where he strays from the Right and the True,
But for us 'tis not easy to see where we stray
From the path of the upright and good,
To find fault with the wrong we may do day by day
Or to note where our footsteps have wandered away
From the Right we full well understood.

It is best, now and then, to speak out very plain,
To condemn in the most forceful way,
To make no endeavor at all to restrain
The strong words we are prompted to say,
But it never is best to find fault constantly
With what this or that mortal may do,
Or to claim that we only from error are free
And are full of all goodness because only we
Have a love for the Worthy and True.

When each one does his duty in studying self
With an honest and unbiased mind,
And comes to know clearly his own moral health
With the good and the bad he may find,
And when he's convinced that he's hardy and strong
And to full moral manhood has grown,
Knows he's made a clean record and to him belong
No regrets or remorse for the doing of wrong,
Then he justly "can cast the first stone."

SUCCESS.

We call it success when, in this or that way,
One has gained either fortune or fame,
Or has reached some position where, with great display,
The crowd gladly honors his name.
We call it success when someone piles up gold—
—A million of dollars or more—
Or has gained some position or place where, behold!
He gains the attention of numbers untold
Who load him with praise or adore.

We call this success without seeking to know
How the gold or position was gained,
Or whether the winner's been honest or no
And the law of right dealing maintained.
While we think of the end and are thus satisfied,
Full oft the real facts would declare
That the winner all laws of the Right had defied
And what was decreed with his own good as guide
He had hastened to do, even to over-ride
The Just and the Good everywhere.

But this is not success and never can be,
No matter how much it may bring
Of gold, or position of highest degree,
Or how loudly its praise we may sing.
The piling up gold or the gaining of place
Can never win highest success,
E'en when done with all honor, but 'tis a disgrace
When the one who is seeking it enters Life's race
And dares all his sense of the Right to efface,
Sacrificing the great for the less.

Let it be understood by mankind everywhere
That no worthy success can be won
Where the Right's disregarded or evil deeds share
In achieving the thing that is done.
The one true success that can ever be gained,
Or is fit to be called by that name,
Is that which is gained where the Right is maintained
And the winner wins out with his honor unstained,
And with nothing to put him to shame.

Merely winning of wealth true success never won,
Although millions the winner may claim,
Nor has one gained success merely by what he's done
To get place which brings honor and fame.
For the greatest of failures are frequently made
By those who've gained highest of place,
While our princes of wealth so often have played,
In getting their wealth, the base "tricks of the trade,"
That they've won not success but disgrace.

True success can be won only when Right is done
And obeyed full and free everywhere,
When the seeker alway can truthfully say
He's not wronged any one here or there.
We make life a success, not by what we may get
From out of this world where we live,

But by what we put in, with our hearts firmly set
To be helpful to all and all good things abet,
And by what of ourselves we may give.

Each one makes a failure if he fails to grow
In all that is worthy and true,
Or if life he's so lived that he's nothing to show
That he's labored this one thing to do,
While success comes to him who develops the best
That in his frail nature is found
And who proves himself victor in wrong's every test
And stands for the Right with true courage and zest
'Mid temptations which ever abound.

No! The winning of place cannot give one success,
No matter how dazzling or high,
Nor the gold one may treasure, the more or the less,
With all the choice things it can buy,
But the building of character worthy and true,
Developed to highest estate,
With a courage at all times the Right to pursue
And to lead one each morning the fight to renew
Against all that's unworthy which comes to his view—
—That wins a success true and great.

For success, that is worthy, is clearly defined
As doing the Right day by day
In all of one's actions of whatever kind
Toward all he may meet on his way.
No one wins success who has followed the wrong
In his dealings with men here and there,
Or has sacrificed manhood while passing along,
Or the weak has maltreated because he was strong,
Or has done what's unjust or unfair.

For the one doing right will ever so live
As to show himself helpful and kind,
And will give all he's possibly able to give
To better the lives of mankind.
And this course he'll pursue with a free heart alway,
By the doing of generous deeds,
By the planting of flowers along Life's rugged way,
The comforting those who are lonely each day,
The kindling in hearts that are sad Hope's bright ray,
The helping the weak ones in Life's bitter fray,
And relieving sore Poverty's needs.

Hence we may be assured that success is oft gained
By full many unknown here and there,
Who've been true to themselves and have ever maintained
Their own self-respect everywhere.
Of the hosts of obscure ones we meet day by day
High success very many have won—
Far higher and nobler than many we say
Have been most successful and hasten to pay
Our respects for the things they have done.

So when we would find success of the right kind,
Which will stand every possible test,
Or when we would know the few who can show
That they've won it—the highest and best—
Let us not go to those who can make most display
Because of high place or great wealth,
But to those who've obscurely, from day unto day,
Gone forward and done their full duty alway,
Pursuing, with caution, the one only way
That will keep them in moral good health.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

Do you see how the flowers are all blooming,
So innocent, lovely and fair,
All radiant with grace and with beauty
And with fragrance so rich and so rare?
As they greet us with look so attractive
And we gaze on their faces so bright,
We scarce see how they reached such perfection
When the dark so oft robbed them of light.

But we know while the dark came so often
To hide them away from the sun,
That it had its kind mission as helper,
In beauty and grace they have won;
And we know that they ever kept growing
Though about them 'twas black as the night,
For the dark had its work to accomplish
As well as the much needed light.

So each mortal has seasons of darkness
When the sunlight is hid from his eye,
When the heart is o'erburdened with sorrow
And he knows but the tear and the sigh.

But he's sure, as he moves sadly onward,
Robbed alike of both hope and delight,
That he soon will have cause for rejoicing,
For the dark will give place to the light.

Thus ever we poor, feeble mortals,
When our pathway grows darksome and drear,
And we journey along sad and weary,
With hearts filled with worry or fear,
Can hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
Making cheerful all things in our sight,
For the gladness will banish the sadness
And the new day will bring us the light.

It is true in this life we are living,
That we reach the one uppermost mark,
And a character noblest develop
As we share both the light and the dark,
While, if we'd move onward and upward
And grow in what's worthy and right,
The darkness is just as essential
To our moving and growth as the light.

We should know that, while darksome and dreary
Today's lot may happen to be,
Tomorrow will bring us the sunshine
And our hearts from all sadness will free;
And that, e'en when the dark is the deepest,
If we manage to use it aright,
We will grow just as fast in true greatness
As though all about us was light.

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